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THE MAID AND THE LEAF.

BY F. S. H.

A dead leaf drifted along the snow—
A poor brown leaf with edges torn;
Now here, now there, blow high and low,
An outcast and a thing of scorn.
Alas! alas!
So life drifts on to hearts forlorn.

Once in a bower, fresh and bright,
Kissed by the sun rays and the dew,
A maid to flee the hot sun's might,
Prone to the ground her fair limbs threw,
To sleep, to sleep,
And dream of some one that she knew.

She slept and dreamed a horrid thing—
That he she loved from her would stray;
And starting up, deep sorrowing,
Resolved to seek him out that day.
Alas! alas!
'Twas all too true—he'd fled away.

Her last love token—just a leaf
Of sycamore—love's emblem bright,
She threw away, then prayed that grief
Might bear her off from mortal sight.
Alas! alas!
While the dead leaf drifted thro' the night.

WON AT LAST;

—OR,—

Love's Strategy

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[Continued.]

ONE balmy, beautiful evening in Spring we sat together, Blanche and I, watching the tide. I do not know why, but all that day my thoughts had been with my aunt and Lionel. Something prompted me to tell my story to Blanche. I thought it would interest her, and I had grown to love and admire her honorable nature so much, that I would freely have intrusted her with a secret that involved even my life. As I had thought, she was deeply interested. Suddenly a look of alarm passed over her fair young face.

"Miss Linden," she said, "you have not, I hope, told me this because you think of leaving me."

"No, I have no intention of the kind," I replied. "I dislike all concealment, and am glad that I have told you about myself."

"Why have you taken your first name?" she asked. "I think Erlecote much prettier than Linden."

"Simply for this reason," I replied,—"that if my aunt and I become reconciled, and I am her heiress, as she says she has always intended me to be, I think she would not like me to be recognized as a *ci devant* companion or governess; another thing is, I do not wish her to know anything of my whereabouts yet."

"Why?" she said, "if you will allow that question."

"Because, to speak frankly, I am warmly attached to you, and do not wish to leave you until I see something that promises happiness for you,—some change in your present monotonous life," I replied.

"I fear that will never be," she said, with a sigh; and suddenly raising her head she looked in my face. "I would give much," she continued, "to trust you—to tell you the somewhat strange history of my life, and ask your advice."

"You can do so, Blanche," I replied. "I have told you my secret; yours will be as safe with me."

"I had made a vow to myself that I would be for the future as one dead to the world," she said; "that no human interest, feeling, or emotion should enter my heart again. Slowly but surely, I hardly know by what means, Miss Linden, you have broken up the frozen deep of my life. I can never return to the past. I could not now shut myself up in that library as I did two years ago, only hoping to die. The current of my thoughts is changed. I cannot feel again the same apathy and despair; there is now some beauty in life. I can plainly see it, but I know not what to do with the years before me. I am tied, yet free; bound, yet no fetters chain me. I love, yet try to hate. There never was a sadder fate than mine."

Her head dropped upon her hands; the far-away yearning look that had once grieved me, came back to those dark, beautiful eyes.

"You have been very kind to me, Miss Linden," she continued, "like a sister would have been. It cannot be wrong to break a resolve such as I made."

"It will not," I answered. "The wrong was committed when you made it. I am anxious to help you, but I cannot do so while this thick veil of mystery hangs over you."

Then, while the murmur of the waves sounded like soothing music, I heard the following story:

"I have never assumed another name, Miss Linden, simply because I had no need. I am Blanche, or more strictly speaking, Lady Blanche Carleon, the only child of the late Lord Carleon, and the wife of Lord Carleon, of Carleon."

"Is it possible," I cried, "that you are married?"

"Yes, I have been married three years," she said. "I was sixteen before my wedding day. I have never seen my husband since. I have been trying to learn how to hate him, but I cannot."

"I know him," I cried, breathlessly. "I have met him several times in London."

"You know him—you have seen him?" she cried, springing up from her seat.

"Yes, I met him once at a flower show, and at two or three balls," I replied; "he is one of the handsomest men I ever saw."

I should have continued my sentence, but she suddenly leaned forward and kissed me passionately.

"That is because I have gazed upon him, I suppose," was my laughing comment.

"Yes," she said, a burning blush overspreading her face and neck; "I have loved him so much, young as I am, that to win one kind look from him I would almost be glad to die."

"But, Blanche," I said, a recollection of some London gossip coming to my mind, "I heard that Lord Carleon was devoted to that beautiful Gabriel d'Este, an Italian lady, who was all the rage a year or two since."

"Ah," she said, "that golden haired Gabriel. What have I not suffered through her! Did you ever see her, Miss Linden?"

"Yes, one evening at the opera," I replied. "I remember her very well. My aunt, who went everywhere, and seemed to know every one, pointed Gabriel d'Este out to me."

"She is very lovely, I suppose," said Lady Carleon, in a melancholy voice.

"Yes, but hers is a most peculiar style," I replied; "she has golden hair and dark eyes."

"Marian," said my companion, eagerly, "tell me truthfully, is she very much more beautiful than—than you said I was?"

"Indeed, she is not," I replied; "in another year's time, if you have health and strength, you will, I believe, far excel Gabriel d'Este; besides, she has not a voice like yours."

The child, for she was hardly anything else, clasped her hands. I verily believe she was praying.

"I must tell you my story from the very beginning," she said. "My father, Lord Carleon, was a very strange man; he held a high position in England, and was generally supposed to be an unmarried man. I do not know anything of my mother's family. Where and how my father met her I cannot say. She was a lady by birth and education, but I should imagine poor, and far beneath the rich and powerful Lord Carleon in rank and position. All I know is that they were married in the little church of San Giacomo, in Naples. I have seen a copy of their marriage deed. My mother's name was Bianci Faierni. The marriage was kept quite secret, none of my father's friends or relations were apprised of it. I do not know if my mother was surprised at that. She never came to England, she never saw the old family mansion where the Carleons have lived for generations. Soon after their wedding, my father bought a beautiful little villa on the prettiest part of the shore of the lake of Como. I was born there, and it was my mother's home and mine until I was ten years old. We saw little of my father. During the summer he resided with us for some months, and then went back to England on business. He said my mother had better not encounter the cold and damp of the English climate, and made that a pretext for never taking her there. But (ah me!) I know the real truth now. Lord Carleon was a proud man. Carried away by a sudden and violent fancy, I cannot call it love, for my beautiful young mother, he married her and repented it. I believe, all the rest of his life. He might have aspired to the hand of the noblest ladies in England, and he had married a poor Italian, simply for her wondrous beauty, of which he soon tired.

"Our villa was a solitary one. Ah, Marian, I have been solitary all my life! In compliance with my father's request, my mother formed no acquaintances. We lived alone; our servants were all Italians, who took but little interest in the family they served. There was but one exception, and that was Mrs. Dean, my housekeeper; when I was born, my father sent her from England to be my nurse, and she has never left me since. Our life was quiet in the extreme; the beautiful sunny lake itself was not more calm or bright. The only change was the occasional going and coming of my father. Oh Marian, how wildly, how passionately I loved my beautiful mother! I cannot name her or think of her without my heart half breaking. If she had lived, how different my fate would have been! No one else ever loved or cared for me until you came."

Bitter sobs shook her delicate frame. I was almost alarmed at her passion of grief.

"Do not tell me any more, Lady Blanche, if it distresses you so much," I said.

"I will tell you all," she replied; "but, Marian, if you love me, call me Blanche; if you knew the empty mockery of that title, you would never use it when addressing me."

"I will not do so again if it does not please you," I said, half smiling to think how many fine ladies would give all they hold dear to possess the title poor Blanche shrank from hearing.

"I do not know whether my mother repented her marriage," she resumed. "She was very happy; she never complained or murmured, but her sweet face grew sad, and she would sit for days together gazing on the sunny lake with a wistful look in her eyes which I could not bear to see. I used to sit on her knee, content if I could but lay my little head on her breast. She would clasp me tightly in her arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died of a broken heart. She is buried on the beautiful shores of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem.

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a picture; it lay carelessly on the table of his dressing-room. My mother took it up and asked him what it was. 'It is the portrait of my nephew, Allan Douglas,' was my father's reply. I remember how he patted my head, and said, half laughingly, 'Ah, if this little lady had only belonged to the nobler sex, Allan would never have been Lord Carleon, as I suppose he will now.'

"My mother made no comment. Perhaps a pang of something sharper than sorrow shot through her heart. She took me in her arms, and kissed me passionately. 'If you had been a boy, my darling,' she murmured, 'he would have taken me to his proud home for the sake of its heir.'

"To my great delight, my father left the portrait behind him. It was a source of many pleasures to me. I knew no little children; the few who lived in the neighboring villas were all strangers to me, and I made a companion of the beautiful picture. It represented a young man, or rather boy, about fifteen. The face was charming, so open and frank, so noble and thoughtful, the bright large blue eyes and chestnut curls were so different from the dark haired children I had seen, so different to myself, that I thought them the most beautiful in the world. I have the portrait now, Marian. I will show it to you when we return home. Seeing that no one claimed it, or seemed to notice it, I took possession of it, and made it my own. I used to talk to it as if it were alive. I remember how startled my dear mother was once. I had placed the picture on a chair, and began, in my childish way, to speak to it. I was telling it something about the lake.

"'Blanche,' cried my mother, in some surprise, 'to whom are you speaking?'

"'Only to Allan Douglas, mamma,' I replied.

"'What can you mean?' she said, hastening into the nursery where I was. She smiled when she saw the picture on the chair.

"'I often talk to Allan, mamma,' I said; 'but he never speaks, because, you know, he is a picture.'

"'Blanche,' said my dear mother, 'I wish you were not so fond of it; it gives me a shivering foreboding to see you kiss it so. Will you give it to me?'

"'Please let me keep it, dear mamma!' I asked.

"She said no more, and I retained my treasure; but, ah me, how true was my mother's foreboding! I wonder if she knows it all.

"Marian, I cannot tell you how she died. I was in her arms—her last breath flattered on my lips. If I could have died with her, it would have been well for me. A motherless child is the most desolate little creature in the world.

There came then a change for me. After my mother was buried our servants were dismissed, our home was broken up, and Mrs. Dean brought me to England. Can you imagine the change from the beautiful olive clad shores of Como, the sunny, rippling lake, the blue Italian sky, the purple vines and fragrant flowers, to this dreary spot? Yet here the only child of Lord Carleon was condemned to stay, because my lord did not wish the world to know anything of his marriage. My little establishment was soon formed. Mrs. Dean was appointed housekeeper; the butler is her brother; and a governess was sent down to take possession of me. Poor Miss Tirrell, she had but a weary time of it. She is dead now (she died in London), so I must only speak of her virtues; they were many, but I could never love her. She was full of that cold English propriety that freezes one. She never had a warm-hearted impulse. She tried hard to make me study; and five years passed in this dreary place in one monotonous round of duty struggles and rebellions. I wonder that I did not weep myself away; night and day I cried continually for my lost mother.

"I had but two sources of comfort; one was my old nurse, Mrs Dean, the other my beloved picture. I kept up my childish habit of talking to it. I used to tell it all my troubles and my longing for my mother. That picture was to me what brothers, sisters, and playfellows are to other children. In this dreary way, without change or alteration to enliven me, I attained my sixteenth year—sullen, gloomy, and unhappy, without the feelings and pleasures of a child, thinking ever of my home at Como and the mother I had lost there.

"One morning there was a great excitement in the house. A messenger came to say that my father was exceedingly ill, and wished to see me. I was pleased to leave Ingledew; it had seemed so like a prison. We went by rail to London, and found a close carriage awaiting us at the station. I was positively frightened at my father's house; it was so grand, so magnificently furnished. I had never seen anything like it in all my life. The imposing array of servants in gorgeous livery, the exquisite statues and costly tokens of abounding wealth for a time bewildered me. I could only gaze in utter astonishment. We were taken to a grand drawing room, and there the housekeeper attended us. I do not know what the servants thought of this late introduction of a daughter into a home where she ought to

have been years ago. They were very respectful to me, and I have no doubt gossiped freely among themselves about the private marriage of their master. There was no concealment now; I was called by my father's name, Carleon.

"While we were sitting there in anxious suspense, awaiting every moment a summons to my father, the door opened, and a young man entered. Marian, it was Allan Douglas. It seemed to me as though my picture had come to life, and stood before me. I forgot that I was a stranger and he unknown to me. Had I not in my lonely hours kissed a hundred times those blue eyes and chestnut curls? The face was unchanged; it wore the same noble, open look I knew so well. It was as though an old and dear friend had suddenly appeared. I sprang from my seat and ran up to him; I clasped one of his hands in my own.

"'You are Allan Douglas,' I cried; 'I remember you so well.'

"He smiled, and bending over me, said, 'Where have you seen me? I do not remember your face.'

"'I never saw you until now,' I answered, quickly; 'but it is your picture. I have had it ever so many years. When I was a child I used to think it was alive and talk to it.'

"'When you were a child!' he laughed. 'Why, how old are you now?'

"'Sixteen,' I replied, rather offended that he should consider me as very young.

"'But,' he said, 'my dear little girl, although you know me so well, I have not the least idea who you are, or what you are doing here.'

"'I am come to see papa,' I answered; 'he is ill, and wants me. My name is Blanche Carleon.'

"Marian, he started back, as though he had received a sudden blow; his face, nay, even his lips, grew white as death; he almost seemed to gasp for breath.

"'Do you mean,' he said, at length, 'that Lord Carleon is your father?'

"'Yes,' I replied, as much surprised at his question as he was at my revelation, 'of course he is.'

"All further conversation was prevented by the entrance of a tall and stately lady; her haughty face and rich rustling dress startled me. She, too, was pale, and her lips quivered. She almost shuddered when she saw me. Going up to the young man, she laid her hands on his shoulder.

"'Oh, Allan, my poor boy,' she said, 'I can hardly bear it.'

"'Mother,' he asked in a trembling voice, pointing to me, 'did you know this?'

"'Never until this minute,' she replied; 'your uncle has just sent for me, and told me. Oh Allan, my heart is breaking, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'

"'It is not that so much,' he said, impatiently; 'why has there been such concealment?—why have I been brought up to hopes and expectations that were utterly false? My uncle had every right to please himself, but not to deceive me.'

"The lady whispered something to him, and he said, resolutely, 'No, mother; let right be right. Blanche is my cousin; I must meet my fate.' Then turning to me, he said, 'Blanche, this is your aunt, Lady Douglas.'

"She coolly touched my cheek with her lip; and, oh Marian, I thought my heart would have broken. She might have given one word of welcome to the motherless girl who seemed so much in every one's way. What would I not have given to have been lying with my mother on the shore of Como! Lady Douglas spoke a few words to Miss Tirrell, something about the rooms we were to occupy. I was sent away to have my traveling dress removed, and then was taken to my father's room."

CHAPTER IV.

Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

MRS. BROWNING.

"MARIAN, continued Blanche, "I sometimes think that if I live to be a hundred years old, every moment I spent in my father's house will rise as vividly before me as it does now.

"When I entered the room I saw a stately bed with rich velvet hangings; the air was redolent with perfume; on the thick carpet no footfall could be heard. Every imaginable luxury and comfort was there, both for use and ornament. Lady Douglas came forward and took me by the hand. She led me to my father's side. Ah, how changed was he from the proud handsome gentleman who used to visit us at Como! Death was in his pallid face and sunken eyes. He seemed to be in a light slumber, but Lady Douglas, bending over him, said, 'Walter, your daughter is here.'

"He opened his eyes, and looked at me. He held out his arms, and I was for a moment clasped to his heart.

"'Blanche,' he murmured, 'my poor orphan child, how I have wronged you! Look at me—you have your mother's eyes; Heaven give you a happier fate!'

"I was too much impressed by the scene to cry. Allan Douglas knelt on the other side of my poor father.

"'Allan,' he said, 'I have wronged you, too. I have brought you up as my heir, knowing the while that I had a child of my own. Let me explain it to you. Eighteen years ago I met this child's mother in Italy. She was wondrously beautiful, and I fell madly in love with her. I married her privately at Naples. No one knew anything of it except my valet, Thorne. You will ask me why I kept this marriage concealed? I did wrong. It was pride—obstinate, unyielding pride. I had been sought after for many years, and was considered one of the best matches in England. My name had been mentioned as a suitor to an Italian princess, an English peeress. My friends all expected me to marry brilliantly—they talked of that as a certainty, and I—well, it was a weak, miserable feeling; but I was ashamed to own that I, for whom such expectations had been entertained, had ended by marrying a poor portionless girl, whose beauty and virtue were her only dower.'

"Marian, I shall never again feel a pain so acutely as the anguish those words caused me. My father, lying dying there before me, had been ashamed of my beautiful, pure young mother, who had died, I believe, because she knew it.

"Lady Douglas held a glass that contained some cordial to my father's lips, and he went on:

"'Forgive me, Blanche, my child, if my words grieve you. I must tell the truth now—I was ashamed of the obscure marriage I had made, and did not care to own it. If I had had a son, I should however have made my marriage no secret; but my little daughter was born. Gradually I thought less of my Italian home. Position, wealth, honors were mine in England, and I became absorbed in them. My name grew famous amongst the leading men of the day. I do not excuse myself. I acted wrongly, nay wickedly; but true it is that every day seemed to weaken the ties that bound me to my wife and child. In my sinful, miserable pride I regretted my marriage. At length my poor wife died—died without murmur or complaint, and I sent for my child. I intended then to declare my marriage and bring her home; but I delayed it so long, that every day I felt more and more reluctant. One great reason was, Allan, that having brought you up as my heir, I could not bear to disappoint you. I have loved you, boy, as though you had been my own son.'

"Allan touched my father's brow with his lips, and said, tenderly, 'I am your son in love and affection.'

"'I could not endure the thought of telling you, Allan, that a poor little child must usurp your place,' said my father; 'but I dare not die without doing so. I sent little Blanche to the old dower house, Ingledew House it is called, a gloomy mansion, built many years ago by one of the Lords of Carleon, who hated his kind. I had it furnished as befitted the residence of my daughter and heiress. I gave the control of it into the hands of the faithful nurse who attended the little one from her birth. I selected a governess who could effectually educate Blanche. I ought to have done more, but, alas, now I see it all—my sin and its folly! I stifled the love with which my heart yearned at times for my child; it has now become remorse.'

"'You can atone for it now, uncle,' said Allan, soothingly.

"'At your expense, my dear boy,' he said, 'I can, and must. You will soon be Lord Carleon. Allan, I shall not see another sunset. But with the title there goes only a very small portion of the estates; only Hulme Hall. My fortune—which is, you know, a very large one—must go to Blanche.'

"'It is only right and just, uncle,' said Allan. 'You could not do otherwise.'

"'Heaven bless you, Allan, for those words,' said my father. 'But what becomes of your dream? How can you buy back again the broad lands of the Douglas, that has been the hope of your life and of your mother's?'

"'I must relinquish it, uncle, or trust to time,' he replied.

"'Nay,' said my father, eagerly, 'I have a plan by following which you can still accomplish your wish. I say a plan, Allan, but it is more than this. It is my command, my entreaty, my prayer, my last request to you, who have been to me as my own son. Grant it to me, and it will soothe my dying hour, lessen my remorse, and make me happy. Refuse it, and I shall die a miserable, wretched man. Allan, will you grant my prayer?'

"'That I will, uncle, cheerfully, if I can, and you will tell me what it is,' replied Allan.

"'Promise me that you will make my daughter your wife,' said my father; 'that you will marry Blanche.'

"Allan started as though he had been stung. Without noticing his emotion, my father continued:

"'You will have the title and Hulme with it; Blanche will have the large fortune that is not entailed. I have willed it to her. If you marry her, Allan, all will be well. My dear boy, will you consent?'

"Allan had grown pale, and looked distressed beyond expression. My father looked at him anxiously.

"'I know,' he said, 'that you have loved Gabriel d'Este; but, Allan, she is only coquetting with you. She has been betrothed more than a year to the Russian Prince Scholsky. Nothing under a duke or a prince would satisfy her. There is no hope for you there. My little Blanche, if she resembles her mother, will make you a good wife.'

"Still Allan answered not; his mother looked anxiously on.

"'You cannot hesitate, my son,' she said, at length; 'you will make your uncle happy, and redeem the lands of the Douglas.'

"'Uncle,' asked Allan, in a low, hoarse voice, 'are you sure of what you say about Gabriel?'

"'Sure, Allan,' he replied; 'I signed one of the marriage bonds six months since. I was one of the principal witnesses. Everything was prepared for the wedding then, but Prince Scholsky's mother died, and it was deferred until the end of this year.'

"'And all this time she has led me on to love her,' said Allan. 'Oh, why was I not warned before?'

"'It is only during my illness, Allan, that I have learned your secret,' said my father. 'She is lovely, I grant; but I never believed you in danger from such a thorough coquette as Gabriel d'Este.'

"Allan buried his face in his hands; my father, who seemed every minute to grow weaker, said, 'You will not refuse my last request, Allan?—you will not refuse me who never refused a request of yours?'

"'I will not, uncle,' he replied. 'I will marry Blanche.'

"'Thank you, my dear son,' said my father. 'Add one favor more—promise me that my eyes shall be gladdened by seeing the wish of my heart fulfilled. Let the marriage take place here to-morrow morning.'

"'So soon?' said Allan.

"'Yes, I shall die happier for it,' was the reply. 'I shall leave my little girl in safe hands. You will be kind to her for my sake alone, and for the wrong I did her mother!'

"'I will, uncle,' replied Allan, solemnly.

"I have some dim recollection of Lady Douglas taking me in her arms, and calling me her daughter—of Miss Tirrell leading me from the room; then there is a blank of several hours. I awoke from the long sleep or swoon—I cannot tell which it was. I was alone in my own room. I was in my father's house, and he lay dying. I was the promised wife of Allan Douglas.

"'Marian,' resumed Blanche, after a pause of some moments, "you would laugh if I were to tell you how passionately I loved Allan. You will think I was too young to know the meaning of the word "love." Ah, no! Though a child in years, I had a woman's heart. I had never loved anyone but my mother; the next dearest object to me was my picture. Allan did not seem like a stranger to me. Had I not known and loved him all my life? The moment I saw him, and went up to greet him, that moment my heart seemed to leave me, and cleave to him—that moment I would have died for him. It was my fate, I suppose; and now I lay, with two feelings contending in my heart—one was sorrow for my father; the other, wild, worshipping love for Allan Douglas. I cannot tell you all my folly—how I kissed my hand where he had touched it. The very wave of my hair where his fingers for a moment had lingered became sacred in my eyes. It was a wild, idolatrous girl's dream, from which I had a rude awakening. I thought how, when I was Allan's wife, I would study and read; how I would consult his tastes and wishes. Oh, how dearly I loved him!

"None of the servants knew why Allan and I met the next morning in my father's room. Miss Tirrell was too much astonished to attempt to speak. Poor lady! She managed to say, 'Blanche, are you really going to be married?'

"I remember that ceremony. My father looked paler and nearer death than he had done on the day previous. He was supported by many soft pillows, and his valet, Thorne, who had witnessed my mother's marriage, stood behind him. Lady Douglas stood by my side. I do not know who the clergyman was.

"We were married, and the plain gold ring shone on my finger. Lady Douglas kissed me; Allan, for the first and last time, touched my brow with his lips. In my wild, mad anguish since, I have wished in that moment I had died—died on my husband's heart. My poor father smiled faintly. He lived the day through, but never saw another sun set.

"Marian, I cannot tell you how bewildered I felt when Lady Douglas addressed me as 'Lady Carleon.' I thought I must be dreaming.

"During the week that elapsed before my father's funeral, I remained secluded in my own room with Miss Tirrell. On the evening of the day when the sad ceremony had taken place, I wandered into the large drawing room. It was quite empty. The windows had deep recesses, something like the one in my library—a small couch stood in one of them, quite hidden by the massive velvet curtains. Listless and tired I lay down upon it. I remember watching the sunbeams upon the wall until I suppose I fell asleep. Slowly enough I became conscious of the suppressed sound of voices. Presently I heard them more plainly. It was Allan, my husband, with his mother, and they were talking of me. If I had been quite awake and mistress of my own thoughts, I should have told them I was there, and my fate would perhaps have been different. But I had emerged so gradually from my sleep into the waking reality, that the first few words I heard so utterly prostrated me, that I could neither stir nor speak. I assure you, Marrian, I should sooner think it feasible to steal than to listen. If by my will I could have suspended their discourse, I would have done so. But I was powerless to speak or to move.

"'Oh mother,' I heard Allan say, 'what use is wealth clogged like this? Better to be poor and free.'

"'It is hard indeed, for you, my son,' she replied; 'but remember what that wealth has done, or will do for you. Your father died of grief, I believe, at the loss of his fair estate. You can now buy it back again. You will not only be Lord Carleon and Hulme, but of Douglas also.'

"'And the price, mother,' said Allan; 'think of that!'

"'Blanche may improve,' said Lady Douglas; 'she is a plain child, but I think she will eventually become a handsome woman. Were I in your place, I would send her to school for two or three years. She would be more presentable then. It is indeed a sad thing for you, Allan.'

"'The child is well enough, I dare say,' he replied, impatiently; 'she is an ugly, brown little thing. Oh, how different from my golden haired Gabriel! Mother, I would give wealth and title both to be free again.'

"'Poor boy,' said Lady Douglas, tenderly, 'I sympathise with you most heartily. I am grieved for you. You might have married so well. I wonder who her mother was? Some nobody, I suppose! I only hope the child will take after the Carleons, and not resemble that poor ignorant creature.'"

"It wanted just that, Marian, to sting me into life. With one bound I stood panting before them; my blood boiled, a burning lava of rage rushed through my mind and heart; for the moment, I hated even Allan. To do them justice, I must say I never saw people so utterly surprised and ashamed as my husband and his mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ZULU DRESS.—A correspondent writes: "I have seen it urged in some papers as an insuperable barrier to the opening of Zululand for traffic that the Zulu, in common with all Africans, has an unconquerable antipathy to clothing. A greater fallacy could not be promulgated. True, in his native and raw state his clothing is of the simplest and most meagre description, consisting, as it does, of a ring round the head if married, and a piece of bullock hide hanging from the waist before and behind, common to all. But this is because he cannot get other articles of clothing. When he can obtain clothing he does so with a vengeance. I have often wondered where all the cast off clothing of the British and Continental armies was disposed of. My doubts were at an end when, on passing through Maritzburg, I saw numerous "Kafir stores" with the uniforms of British grenadiers, French chasseurs and Austrian hussars laid out in every form of tempting display. On my way up country it was no unusual thing to meet a native with three or four old tunics fitting him, where they touched, in the genuine shop style. Once, out of curiosity, I examined a native and found him wearing, in the middle of an African summer, a guardsman's tunic, a lancer's tunic and the ample cloak of a life guardsman. The women, too, are fond of clothing bright and gay—the brighter the better. I have passed through the whole of South Africa, and must confess that the Zulu woman is the most chaste and decent in her dress and bearing.

Fifty-four years ago the lady who is now Empress of Germany was present at a ceremony exactly like that in which she herself was recently one of the principal parties. It was the celebration of the golden wedding of Karl August, Grand Duke of Weimer, her grandfather, whose name has been made famous by his friendship with Goethe. She and her elder sister Marie, had been living with their mother for about a year at the Russian court; but they returned in time for the great event, and it was they who crowned their grandparents with myrtle. In the same year, 1825, the Weimer court celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which Goethe entered the little town; and on this occasion the young princesses were among the most prominent of those who offered their congratulations. The aged poet, deeply moved by their kindness, could not utter a word, but taking the hand of each placed it on his heart. He had a considerable share in their education, and the Empress still recalls with pleasure the days when she was associated with him.

It appears the frost does not surely kill the yellow fever, and now the doctors, at the last session of the American Medical Association, say that the typhoid fever is propagated not only by water and milk, which is often largely diluted with water, but also by ice.

"My dear sir, I adore your daughter and wish to ask her hand." "But, sir, I have two. Which one will you have?" "Either."

SWEET VIOLETS.

BY P. S.

Birchen boughs are leafless still,
And the wind is keen and chill;
On the hedges brown and bare
Scarce one bursting bud I see;
Only in this sunny nook
Scented violets welcome me.

Ah, that fragrance! how it brings
Back old days on rosy wings—
Days when life's blue sky was clear,
When the simple hearts of youth
Gathered treasures all the year,
Of unfading love and truth!

Fragrant are they now as ever;
And as each small flower I sever,
From its sheltered woodland home,
Forms beneath the cold earth sleeping
Once more down the pathway come
With glad eyes that know not weeping!

Violets! ye bring to me,
Many a sunny memory;
And as one by one I gather
You, the first, best gems of spring,
Seemeth it to me your sweetness,
To sad hearts some cheer must bring.

Friends the token might receive
Your lowliness is meant to give;
So, with wishes true and kind;
I shall send you where the city—
Growing nothing half so fair—
Shall receive with tender pity,
Your small blossoms, sweet and rare!

Red Dress and Black Eyes.

BY M. B. B.

"THIS custom of sending valentines is exceedingly silly! I wonder people of sense tolerate it, when annually so much valuable time is spent, so much money wasted, and so many foolish and unhappy marriages result from its observance."

The speaker was a tall, good looking individual, and his handsome features expressed all the contempt which he felt for the subject.

"All pique, Maitland! you are vexed because you have been slighted, or because some fair one has not seen fit to reply to one of your elegant epistles," replied Edwin Hayes, a young married man, at whose residence the person called Maitland was spending the evening preceding Valentine's Day.

"You are in error, my friend; I never wrote or sent, what is called a valentine in my life."

"And never received one?" asked Hayes, archly.

"I did not say that; I have dozens of them in an old portfolio, and this morning I received one which cost some inconsiderate young lady considerable money; a favor by the way, which I am so stupid as not to appreciate."

"You lack nothing but years to make you a crusty old bachelor, Maitland; and if I was a young lady, I would certainly send you an ugly caricature. Don't you think it would be a good plan, Ada?" asked Edwin, turning smilingly towards his wife, a lady whose prepossessing countenance and agreeable manners could not fail to make a favorable impression.

"Nay, Edwin; I fear that with Mr Maitland's present views the effect would not be a good one," she replied.

"You are right, Mrs. Hayes; for should I be so unfortunate as to discover to whom I was indebted for the notice, I should afterwards respect her but little," added the young man.

"I am half inclined to relate a case which transpired under my own personal observation," resumed the other, in the same light tone in which Maitland had spoken. "I do not expect to make a proselyte of you, but it will certainly serve as a punishment for your obstinacy."

Maitland professed his entire willingness to submit to the infliction, and laughingly placed himself in an easy position to give his attention.

"Two or three years ago, then," resumed Edwin, "a young man was sauntering leisurely along a fashionable street in one of our northern cities. As he walked on he perceived two ladies emerge from a handsome dwelling; but he did not give them a second glance; his attention was riveted on a third lady who stood at a long window, watching their departure. Henry Archer (for that was our hero's name) had a full view of a well proportioned figure, attractive features, and a peculiarly sweet expression of countenance. A second glance satisfied him that her eyes were dark and lustrous, and her complexion of dazzling fairness. Arthur now bethought himself that he might be considered impertinent should the object of his interest discover his proximity, and very unwillingly proceeded on his way. He was not on visiting terms with the family who occupied the house, yet he had good reason to suppose that the young lady was not a member of the household, but probably a visitor.

"The incident was not out of his mind during the day; in his dreams at night the same eloquent orbs beamed most fascinatingly upon him, and her smile was sweeter than before.

"During the next day he made many but unsuccessful attempts to ascertain her name. No one seemed to know her; she was undoubtedly a stranger. At any rate it would do no harm to obtain another glimpse of the unknown fair one, and accordingly Henry bent his steps in the direction he had before taken. She sat at the same window, busy with her needle, quite unconscious that a pair of admiring eyes were gazing steadily upon her.

"But Henry Archer was far from being satisfied; how did he know but that she was engaged, or even married; and the last suggestion was the most disagreeable of all.

"Young Archer reflected upon these possibilities, and knowing that he might at any moment lose all clue to her, he saw the necessity of instant action. What line of conduct should he pursue? He was too much of a gentleman to seek an interview without an introduction, and the latter he had no feasible means of obtaining.

"While he was pondering upon this puzzling question, he happened to think that it was St. Valentine's day, and that he could without any breach of decorum, take advantage of the circumstance to forward his wishes. It was a happy thought, and Henry already saw the obstacles that lay in his way rapidly disappearing."

The speaker paused again, and left the room for a moment, but soon returned with several letters, which he proceeded to unfold. "Now," he resumed, on entering again, "to the subject. These are the original documents, which were left in my possession. I will read one or two of them. The first emanated from the fertile brain of Henry, and was the result of his sudden determination on the morning of the fourteenth of February. Here it is," he added, producing a pretty little sheet of note paper with an embossed edge, from a neat envelope, the chirography of which was faultless.

February 14th, 18—.

"LADY: In availing myself of a custom which time has long sanctioned, I trust I am not overstepping the bounds of propriety, or taking an unpardonable liberty. I have been so fortunate as to obtain a casual glimpse of your person, and your beauty has made an impression which I feel assured time will never efface.

"I am presumptuous enough to desire to make your acquaintance, feeling confident that it could not prove otherwise than highly agreeable to myself. I would fain impress it upon your mind, most earnestly, that this is no passing whim entered into in a spirit of frivolity and mischief; but the result of a strong and a sincere wish to become personally known to one who has unwittingly pleased me so much. I would most respectfully solicit you to condescend to reply to this epistle, remembering that it is from one who is deeply in earnest, and too honorable to trifle with such a subject.

Hoping you will pardon my boldness, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Edward Wayland."

"This production was sealed," the gentleman continued, folding up the paper, "and addressed, in a bold hand, 'To the Lady with the Red Dress and Black Eyes, No. 14 C—— Street, N. Y.'"

The next mail brought Henry Archer the following reply:

"Your somewhat extraordinary epistle has been received. Its very unique address came near creating a quarrel between my fair cousins, who were not all agreed as to who should be the recipient of so much honor; but when their eyes were pronounced respectively gray and blue, it was passed over to me. As to forming your acquaintance, that would depend upon circumstances. It might be beneficial, and it might not; time only would determine. My name is a common one; not at all romantic. You can learn it by consulting any of my friends who will be most happy to gratify your curiosity.

With respect,
A. E."

"As may be surmised, this non committal answer was not very satisfactory to my friend Henry."

He was now well assured that the young lady possessed good sense and judgment, and that her confidence was not to be gained by what seemed to her flattery. He felt gratified that in this respect she was superior to many of her sex.

"He tried again, using all the eloquence he was master of, employing every possible argument to convince her of his sincerity and honorable intentions.

"But here was no common mind. All his tact and talents were put in requisition to plead his cause.

"Many letters passed between them. Henry poured into his all the passionate earnestness of his nature, while the young lady grew less cautious, displaying, as she wrote, indubitable evidences of a cultivated intellect, a pure mind, and refined sentiments.

"But I must hasten on. Archer and the young lady had corresponded some three weeks, when, after repeatedly soliciting the favor, he was permitted to call upon her.

"That interview I do not feel at liberty to describe. It was a satisfactory one on both sides, judging from a decided improvement in my friend's manner, which suddenly changed from anxious suspense to delighted certainty.

"To bring my somewhat long story to a conclusion, my friend Henry Archer and the lady with the black eyes were affianced, and soon after married. Their domestic life is unclouded. Two years constant companionship has not weakened their attachment to each other, or made their tastes and feelings less congenial. The lady's eyes are black as ever, and her devoted husband is sure that their lustre is undimmed.

Thus, my dear Maitland, you see the result which an innocent valentine was instrumental in producing. Don't you think better of them now? Come be frank."

"Well, I don't know that my opinion is much changed," said the person addressed, with provoking indifference. "I have no wish to disparage your friends, but I've no doubt that Henry Archer was a weak, superficial character, and the young lady inexperienced, and easily pleased. Remember that I'm not calling your word in question, but I'm so hard to convince, that I should wish to know the parties intimately before deciding in favor of valentines."

Mrs. Hayes looked entreatingly toward her husband, as though she wished him to change the subject.

"Never fear, Ada; we can vindicate the honor of our friends. You said you should wish to know the individuals I have been talking about, before making up your mind," continued Mr. Hayes, turning to Maitland. "Permit me to say that you do know them."

"Ah! I have been in blissful ignorance of my good fortune," said the latter, with an incredulous smile.

"In myself you see my quondam friend, Henry Archer, and in my wife (who is blushing as though detected in some egregious fault) may be recognized the lady with black eyes," resumed Mr. Hayes, with a low bow to Maitland, who seemed to be dumb with amazement.

"Yourself and Mrs. Hayes? Impossible!" he cried. "You are having a little merriment at my expense."

"I assure you that I am in sober earnest," rejoined Mr. Hayes. "But Ada and I are forgiving; we'll forget your compliments," he added, laughing.

"I appeal to the lady herself," said Maitland, a little confused.

"I must plead guilty," returned Mrs. Hayes, "although I may have lacked experience, and was too easily pleased."

"And you actually became acquainted by means of a valentine!" pursued Maitland, with none of his former indifference.

"Yes; and a fortunate occurrence it proved for me," said his friend, glancing affectionately at the lady beside him.

"Henceforth I'm an advocate for valentines," said Maitland, with earnestness; "and to prove my sincerity will go home and indite one to the fairest and best of my lady acquaintances."

"Success attend you! You may possibly not secure a pair of black eyes, but the chosen one may possess a good heart and beauty of mind, which are of far more importance."

ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.—As Xenophon, in his "Cyropædia," mentions that on one occasion Cyrus went without his gloves, there are good grounds for believing that the ancient Persians were not ignorant of their use, and it is known that both Greeks and Romans sometimes wore them. The period when gloves were first used in England, however, could not have been much before the time of Ethelred II., when five pairs made a considerable part of the duty paid by some German merchants to that king for the protection of their trade. In the reign of Richard and John gloves were worn by the higher classes, sometimes short and sometimes to the elbow, jewelled on the backs and embroidered at the tops. Our ancestors closely connected gloves with chivalry, both in love and war, and the custom of throwing down the glove was equivalent to a challenge, the person defied signifying his acceptance of it by taking up his opponent's glove and throwing down his own. In these practical days of ours chivalry has quite died out, and gloves are now for the most part merely regarded as a covering for the hands.

AN amusing story is told of Dr. Lyman Beecher by a correspondent of the Hartford Times. When he was preaching at Litchfield he was passionately fond of fishing, and the preparatory lecture bell one Friday afternoon found him standing knee deep in a neighboring pond, trolling for pickerel, while his coat pockets were filled with fish. Not having time to change his clothes, he marched with his pole to the church, and entered the pulpit with his boots filled with water and the pickerel kicking in his pocket. Notwithstanding his condition the divine preached one of his most impressive dis-

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THE Prince of Wales apparently goes shopping more or less from time to time, if a London correspondent is correct, (which he probably isn't) in saying that he owes tradesmen $10 000,000.

Major General Wool's monument, now being made, is said to be the largest stone shaft of the kind which the world has seen 3 000 years. Cleopatra's Needle is only nine feet longer.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

JAPANESE HABITS.—A piece of cord in Japan is twisted from left to right in the process of manufacture. A plane is drawn towards the person using it. Their books commence with what we would term the end, turning the leaves from left to right, while the lines run up and down the pages instead of across, and the pages are numbered at the foot. The face of their clock moves and the hands are stationary. They say that it is four o'clock, meaning that it lacks four hours of noon, while with us it is so much after the starting point.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF SMALL CIRCUMSTANCES.—Had the will of Henry VIII. been carried into effect, the line of the English Royal succession would have been so changed that the present Duke of Buckingham would be King of England now, and his son, Prince of Wales, instead of Albert Edward. And it is no less strange that, but for the law of Protestant succession, by which the Catholic members of the Stuart line were deprived of all rights on account of their religion, the late King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, would now be King of England.

THE LANGUAGE OF DOGS.—A writer on the sagacity of dogs says:—One day, during dinner, a greyhound came into the room, shortly afterwards followed by a small spaniel of the Blenheim or Marlborough breed. They were observed to be laying their heads together, nose to nose, when a lady present remarked that something would come of it. Her words were verified, for on the following morning the contestants were discovered feasting on a newly caught hare, which, doubtless the spaniel, by means of his faculty of scent, had found, and the greyhound by her keen sight and speed, had run down.

BEDSTEAD SUPERSTITION IN GERMANY.—Having ordered a neatly constructed single bedstead, says a German correspondent, with somewhat high and ornamental sides, I was surprised when it was brought home to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposide, it being in fact, quite plain, and I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker. At this he expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a German custom and prejudice; "for," says he, "in Germany single bedsteads are only placed sidewise against a wall or partition, and only removed from this position and placed with the head against the wall to receive a dead body."

A SINGULAR REMEDY.—Whenever Burke, the famous statesman, found himself indisposed, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes so much as four or even five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour about a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint, and not only took it himself but prescribed it, with the confidence of a Sangrado, to every patient that came in his way.

ANCIENT GALLANTRY.—The respect and veneration paid to the fair sex formed an essential ingredient in chivalry, and as a proof of this, we have only to refer to the classification of a knight's duty, "to fear God and love the ladies," to perceive how necessary female adoration is to the very existence of that order. This principle of female adoration, so preminently displayed in every aspect of chivalry, extended its influence to the laws of the times, for we find James II., of Arragon, ordering in this manner: "We will that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be in company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested unless he be guilty of murder." And Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, instituting the Order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor, above all, the ladies, and not permit any one to slander them, "because," adds he, "from them comes all the honor that man can acquire."

A CHINESE DINNER.—The custom in China is not to give you a bill of fare over which you can meditate, and if the dinner has any resources you may compose a minor dinner of your own. A servant comes to each table and lays down a slip of tea box paper inscribed with Chinese characters. This is the name of the dish. Each table was covered with dishes, which remained there during the dinner—dishes of everything except bread—sweetmeats and cakes predominating. The courses are brought in bowls and set down in the middle of the table. Your Chinese friend, whose politeness is unvarying, always helps you before he helps himself. He dives his two chopsticks into the smoking bowl and lugs out a savory morsel and drops it on your plate. Then he helps himself frequently, not troubling the plate, but eats directly from the bowl. If the dish is a dainty shark's fin or bird's nest soup all the Chinese go to work at the same bowl, and with the same chopsticks, silver and ivory.

FLEETWINGED JOY.

BY C. C.

Joy is a butterfly winged and fleet
Dancing and glancing
Hither and yon,
In the light of the radiant
Morning sun.

Dost thou think to catch him? How foolish thou art.
He'll lead thee ever
From place on to place
In a fruitless, breathless,
Wearisome chase.

Lay thyself down in the sweet smelling grass,
Under the shadow
Of gnarled apple trees,
Whose blossoms float down
On each breath of the breeze:

And crown thy songs, and wait in hope.
Suddenly down
From the blue of the sky
Will flutter the wings
Of the glad butterfly.

Do not speak, do not stir, but wait, only wait,
He'll hover above thee
A moment, and then
Turn to leave thee,
Then float back again.

And just as the waiting grows heavy to bear,
He'll suddenly, softly,
Sink down to rest
On thy throbbing heart,
On thy turbulent breast.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE must again return to Falcontower; not to the lordly castle of the Egertons, but to the gaunt wandering old rectory, which three centuries before had been the residence of the Catholic parish priest; so you see it did not want age: for at the Reformation it had been standing some two centuries, while the parish church, which it nearly adjoined, was even older. Let us enter the rectory, and pass into the rector's little study, which is a corner room with two windows, one facing the sea, the other the north; from this there was a splendid view of the castle, with its lofty falcon tower rising on the west or sea side, from which it was said a secret way led to the beach by which the dungeons beneath the castle could be flooded. The donjon and this tower had been those first built on the site of a Roman camp by Ingleharde de Egerton, in the reign of William the Norman, and it was this falcon tower that had given its name, first to the castle and its lands, and then to the town which very early began to grow there on the cliff.

Hugh Bertram, the rector of Falcontower, sat looking out towards the castle, thinking, perhaps, that there was as grim a skeleton within its stately walls as there was in his quiet rectory. He was a man not yet past his prime, for he was barely fifty, and a fine-looking, stately man, for even that, despite the deep lines on his forehead, and the greyness of his still luxuriant hair, the work of a sorrow that had well nigh broken his heart—a sorrow that must have done so but for the deep inborn religion and faith with which he laid his grief at the foot of the Cross, and turned in childlike faith to Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And he found rest and resignation.

Some years before Egerton had given him the living, and he had never found cause to regret having done so for if ever a true Christian pastor and Christian man lived, that man was Hugh Bertram. By the poor and humble he was idolised: you might tell that by their calling him Father Bertram, never anything but that; and by the high he was almost as much beloved, quite as much looked up to. He had effected a perfect revolution at the old country town; his predecessor had been a very old man who had neglected everything and everybody. Mr. Bertram altered all that; he did wonders. He established a soup kitchen, and got up a clothing society among the ladies of the place—not charities, but self-supporting. Then, being stayed for want of funds, he bethought him of Egerton, and boldly went to him one autumn evening, and plainly told him he thought he ought to do more for Falcontower; he did not expect him he said to give his time, for as a public man, he could not, but he could give money. Egerton smiled, and told him he should have as much of that as he pleased; he would give him blank cheques signed for him to fill up as he chose, and was doing so, when the rector stopped him; he wished him to know what it was for. It was to hire and train for the church, choristers, chosen from village boys and men who had capability, and to establish a reading room and lending library for the workmen—both, he had ascertained, would be acceptable. In both these points he touched Egerton nearly; for he was a musician and a reader, and was always ready to forward both, and he did more than Mr. Bertram had ever hoped for. He himself selected the choristers, and for their training sunk a permanent fund, and gave a new organ to the church. He built a reading room, stocked an ample library of books, added such things as chess and draughtsmen, and regularly endowed it; moreover he built next to the reading room a handsome lecture room, and opened it by himself coming down and giving them a lecture on the relations of capital and labor, and then, with an amused smile, asked the rector if he had struck him off his bad books yet.

From that time forth Falcontower, always very conservative, became yet more so, and Egerton's candidate, or at least the conservative one, always got in for the borough. Of course his enemies said he had only done what he had in order to entirely hold the borough. They grossly misjudged him there, to say the least of it; he had no need of it; for the Egertons had always pretty well held the borough.

Mr. Bertram was not long alone in his study; a light figure that had grown familiar there since it came to Falcontower, passed up the garden, through the front door, only locked at night, and entered the half opened door of the study.

"Ah, my dear Walter, I am glad to see you," said the rector. "It is not often the young find the company of the old agreeable."

"The old, Mr. Bertram—how can you talk so? Why, in years you are barely fifty, and in thought, feeling and sympathy you are ten years younger."

"Well, Walter, I am glad you think so. Where have you left your friend Rothesay?"

"Busy in his studio, painting," replied Walter.

"Have you heard lately from your guardian?" asked the rector.

"Oh yes, it is in consequence of that I came," said Walter. "Julian and I want you to come up and spend a farewell evening with us."

"What," said Mr. Bertram, "are you going abroad again?"

"No, oh no, to town. Julian is to stay with Egerton."

"And you?" interrupted Mr. Bertram.

"He has decided on sending me to college. Look, here is his letter. Short, you see, as usual," said Surrey, giving him a letter in the firm, graceful hand of Sir Angelo. And short it was.

"MY DEAR WALTER—I have written to Julian. He is to stay with me. You will go to Cambridge. Come up with Julian as I wish to see you. Do not be later than a week. Yours truly.

"A. R. EGERTON."

"Very like the man," said Mr Bertram, returning it. "Not a superfluous word in it. So you are to go to college then?"

"Yes, and I am very glad of it," said Walter. "I want to see more of the world, more of its phases. In his letter to Julian he says that he wishes and purposely intends to throw me into the world."

"It is a trying test and a dangerous ordeal," said the rector; "few young men come through it quite scathless. I knew one who was thrown on the world and he fell."

"I do not think I shall, sir," said Walter.

"Ah, Walter, Walter, be not too trustful," said the rector. "Listen to a few words of advice from an old man who has passed through it. You are going as a young man of means, without any profession. You will be surrounded with temptations the most dangerous; and if you should get into trouble, let no consideration prevent you from applying to your guardian, Sir Angelo. He is a man of the highest and most chivalrous honor; I grant you he is a stern, severe man; but do not let the dread of his stern reproof or severity prevent you going to him. Better that than sinking deeper. Above all remember the duty you owe God."

Those were the parting words of the gentle pastor. Listen to those the calm lips the man of the world and the gentleman uttered—"Walter, you are launching into many temptations. Study for a high degree. Have no idle time—it is mischievous; never play—it is dishonorable; never bet—it is ungentlemanly. Remember in all you do that you are a gentleman of England, and the descendant of a line of gentlemen; and do nothing that will cast a shadow on your unstained name."

Those were Sir Angelo's parting words to his ward—whether he remembered them entirely we shall see.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was a fine day in March; fine, because it had "come in like a lion," and so was "going out like a lamb;" and the early spring sun shone brightly on the trees and slopes of Hyde Park. Under a huge elm, whose arms overhung a portion of the ride on the side of the Serpentine, opposite to Rotten Row, stood a man, in reality about forty, though the lightness of his fine erect form made him look at least four years younger than that. He was a handsome man, a very handsome man, there was no denying that, for every feature was finely and delicately cut, and the forehead was broad and well developed, but about the mouth there was a marked expression of recklessness and bitter cynicism, and in every line of the face you could see written strong fierce, imperious passions, that

Nothing could stay and nothing could bind;

that the sorrows and storms of forty years could not tame or erad cate, hardly even teach them control; and yet with all that there was in the almost heavily black eyes a look of such anguish and remorse as must have awoke a feeling of pity in the hardest human heart. He was standing a little back, so that he could see without being seen from the drive, and gazing dreamily into the distance, unheeding the few passers by.

Both park and drive were empty, yet, nevertheless, the roll of wheels struck the stranger's ear coming from one side, and the sound of horse's feet galloping from the other. He started as he saw a low park phaeton, containing two ladies, almost opposite to him, and at the same moment a lady on horseback galloped up, and wheeling suddenly, reined up her spirited Arabian, which appeared in no way pleased.

"I thought I knew you, even at a distance," said the young rider, bending down, and shaking hands with the occupant of the phaeton. "Dear Aunt Marion, it is some time since I have seen you and Isbel?"

The unseen stranger bent forwards. Surely, though so changed, he knew that dark Spanish face; he had had seen a face like it—yes, he knew now who she was by her likeness to that dark man's face he remembered—Angelo Egerton's. Listen, that very name from Mrs. Rochester's lips arrests his attention, and his passionate lip quivers.

"Where is Angelo?" she asked. "Are you alone, Leonora?"

"No," she replied. "Angelo is at the Foreign Office, and then to the House. To-night you know that bill comes on for the second reading."

"Did Angelo bring it in, then?" asked Marion.

"No, no," said Leonora, laughing, "he never brings in home measures."

"But he'll speak," said Marion. "I wish I could go and hear him."

"It will be a sight," returned Leonora. "I have a Speaker's order for the out of the way little place aloft where they admit—"

"Only a few of 'our choicest spirits,'" interposed Isbel quoting from "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Mrs Rochester smiled, but again addressed Leonora. "Will Government be defeated?"

"How can I tell," said Leonora. "I am afraid they will; but if they are, they will not be long out."

"Well, it seems a weary game and weary struggle," said Marion. "Where are Mr. Rothesay and Miss Arundel?"

"Julian is at home, and Margaret is at Herne Bay," replied Leonora.

"Tell the Signor Giulio to come and spend the evening with us," said Marion. "I want to speak to him about taking Isbel's portrait."

"I will tell him—good bye," and Leonora de Caldara rode away, followed by her groom.

Marion Rochester leaned back with a heavy, weary sigh. "Drive home, my daughter," she said.

"Home, mamma?" said Isbel.

"My heart is not as bright as the day is, Isbel," said Mrs. Rochester in French, and Isabel drove on.

The stranger stepped forwards and stood looking after them.

"And is that fair woman my wife?—is that beautiful girl my daughter?" he murmured; "and I have left them both all these years. Yes, and will leave them!" and now the recklessness and passion returned to the lip and eye; "for both hate me—my daughter, too, as her mother did before her; and how can I love Marion, when my heart is in Mina's grave—and she—what heart she had was buried with her first husband when she vowed her love to me with her false lips. All womankind is alike—all fair and false—all fair and false!" said the cynic, turning away with a sardonic curl of his lips. He moved some paces amongst the trees with downcast eyes, not seeing a man approaching till a shadow fell across him, and he turned sharply to confront Stephen Stanfeld.

Austin Rochester recoiled some steps, and Stanfeld stood as one struck dumb. In that momentous but dead silence you might have heard a pin fall. It was broken by Austin.

"Sir," he said, with so fierce a gesture and accent that the other shrunk back, "it is thus we meet after eighteen years Stephen Stanfeld. Villain! you escaped me once; but now I will speak. You shall hear me, or I will shoot you as you fly."

There was something actually terrible in the frightful intensity of hatred and fierce passions in his face as he spoke.

"Nineteen years ago," he resumed, "you crossed my path. I have reason to hate you. You, who won a young girl's heart with your fiendish arts, and then deserted her because she lost her fortune. You, who waited until she was a wife and about to be a mother, and then dared to upbraid and curse the woman who had loved you to her own misery. You, who killed her and one child, and laid her own hatred to me on the other. Deeply you have injured me and mine! Murderer! coward! villain! If there is a God in heaven, I call down his heaviest curse on your head, that it may rest on you till your dying hour! I tell you that if your last chance of life hung on my forgiveness, I would sooner cast myself body and soul into hell than give it!"

Staggered by the frightful words, Stanfeld shrunk and shivered as if they blasted him, and like a serpent that is struck by the hand it has tried to poison, glided away amongst the trees, but followed even there by the mocking, scornful laughter of his opponent, who stood long there with heart and brain feeling as a forest might feel after a West Indian hurricane has swept through it. And while he stands there let us tell some of his history—the worst his own lips must tell another time.

There he stood, alone, and desolate, and cheerless—reckless, cynical, yet remorseful; with all the sad phantoms of the past rising like grim spectres around him, and, still darker, that future which lay hopelessly before him.

Forty years! It does not seem so very long, and yet in those years he had known nothing but troubles and sorrow; or, at least, the gleams of sunshine had been so transient that, like the lightning, they had only left the gloom blacker than before. It seemed as if an evil fate had pursued him from the very hour of his birth.

He was the second son of a gentleman of old family and property not twenty miles from Falcontower. All his father's affections had centred in his eldest son, Wilmot; his wife, whom he had passionately loved, had died in giving birth to Austin, and, in consequence, a natural hatred of the child took possession of him. Of course Wilmot and the very servants took their tone from him, and the child grew up in an atmosphere of dislike. Unfortunately, too, every fibre of the boy's nature seemed antagonistic to those about him; every bad passion was fostered to an alarming degree, and the good in him was crushed with a ruthless and cruel hand.

He was passionate even to fierceness, and revengeful, and high spirited, and he soon rebelled at the treatment he received; and, finally, his father sent him to a boarding-school as being utterly irreclaimable. But there it was the same. Talented in no ordinary degree, he learned rapidly, but by the boys he was soon hated and detested. Nature had given him a yearning for affections, and those powers of love and hate which are too often man's curse—and they were his; it had also given him a really true nature, but there was not one who could penetrate beneath all the evil and reach the good.

From that school he went to Eton; he was then seventeen, and he was there only twelve months; and then, in that short time, when it was too late, he came across one who, if he had met him a few years earlier, might have saved him. A boy of but fifteen, by name Angelo Egerton,—and he by some strange, almost mystic knowledge it seemed, at once read Rochester's character,—penetrated at once the cold cynicism, the morose bitterness, and reached the fine nature beneath it. He won it, he completely held in check the wild, almost ungoverned passions of Austin; and he who had never yet bent or yielded to any one, gave way at once to this master spirit who controlled him as by some mystic power, not by his iron will, not his high and noble intellect, it was something beyond that, something that Austin Rochester could not fathom try as he would.

But the time was too short, and came too late, as young Egerton saw; the evil had been sown too early, and gone too deep; twelve months could not undo the evils of seventeen years; unscrupulousness had become part of his nature, recklessness a second nature; and when at the end of twelve months his removal to college parted him from young Egerton, he flung himself into a wild set, and plunged recklessly into dissipations to drown thoughts and bitter achings of heart that were intolerable; denied all affections where he had a right to look for them, disliked by the very men of whose wild life he was the companion, he sank deeper and deeper till—

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell.

And he was not then nineteen; he was barely nineteen when his father died, leaving, of course, to Wilmot the estates, to Austin—deep in debt—one thousand pounds—cast on the world at nineteen!

Utterly in extremity, the memory of Egerton's dark face and musical voice, never quite forgotten, rose vividly to his mind, for he was the only being who had ever cared at all for him, and he wrote to him—

"You once showed me kindness, Egerton. Pardon me if I ask one thing. I am going abroad. I wish none to know where. Suffer me to make you my only repository and medium of any communication to me. I ask it as a favor, and to keep it secret.

AUSTIN ROCHESTER."

Egerton wrote back instantly, for he had felt deeply interested in Rochester; and, though he had lost sight of him, he had never forgotten him. He received back a letter of many thanks, and an address in Paris.

Then Austin Rochester, evading his creditors, went abroad, not deigning a line even to his brother Wilmot.

This Wilmot, it may be imagined was no saint; and though at his father's death, he came into an estate worth fifty thousand pounds yet, in one year, he had mortgaged it to half that, and then he managed to get killed in a low quarrel.

Egerton immediately wrote to Austin, merely telling him that Wilmot was dead, and had left his affairs much embarrassed.

Austin came over immediately, and certainly then for once acted wisely. He went to Egerton, and saying plainly that he was literally the only being in the world he could turn to, told him his whole story, and asked his advice; and Angelo, though his chivalrous nature recoiled and shrunk from the vice, saw much to palliate; and pitying the man, held out to him the helping hand and not only gave him advice, but assisted him to follow it out.

Wilmot's debts were twenty five thousand pounds, his own ten thousand pounds, and he raised on the estate thirty five thousand, and paid everything, thus leaving himself six hundred a year. He shut up Rochester Court, left only an old steward on the place, and again vanished abroad, this time not even telling Egerton where he went; and for nearly ten years neither Angelo nor anybody else knew whether he was dead or alive.

But during Angelo's absence in Spain, when he went over for Leonora—and being autumn he made a three months' trip of it with her—Austin Rochester suddenly appeared in England with a little daughter of seven years or so. He called at St. James's Square to see Egerton, and saw his mother instead; and on learning that he had been at Eton with her son, she invited him to the house, and it was there that he and Marian d'Arcy met, for Julian had gone with Angelo, and she was staying with Lady Egerton. Thus it came about that the first thing Angelo heard on returning was, that Marion was going to marry Rochester.

It was too late to do anything to prevent it; but Egerton, as trustee to the fortune Colonel d'Arcy had left his widow, did what he could for her; knowing what Austin was, suspecting his motives in marrying to be those of a desperate and unscrupulous man, catching at any straw to save him from what his own acts involved him in; he settled (and would hear of nothing else) every shilling on Marion and her children in the usual manner—it was too late for Austin to draw back the more so as he had represented the mortgage on his estate as nearly redeemed, when, in fact, it had only changed from its original mortgagee to a money-lender named Isaac Fakes—and Angelo Egerton, with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings, for the second time gave Marion away at the altar.

Too soon the truth appeared—too soon the end came. There was a miserable six months of passive neglect and gloomy coldness, and then one dreadful day, he told her that he had never loved any but Isbel's mother, his dead wife, that neither she nor any human being had or could love him—and so left her and his child and went no one knew where, and they had never met since.

All that remains we leave for him to tell; but there he stood alone—desolate, broken-hearted, remorseful, and yet through all, a desperate and reckless man.

This is one sad story of a lost life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANGELO EGERTON and Julian Rothesay sat alone together, for Leonora and Margaret were out riding.

The artist was sitting at a table with drawing paper before him and a pencil in his hand, half dreamily sketching something, his beautiful head bent a little down, so that the dark, golden brown hair fell partly over the noble brow.

The ex minister sat in his old oak reading-chair, with a volume of some ancient Italian political lore in his hand, but with his dark, calm, grey eyes fixed quietly on Julian's face, reading it as only he could, like an open book of very sweet music. He knew as well as possible what was passing in his heart and brain at that moment; then who he was dreaming of, and whose gentle face was gradually looking out of that blank sheet; and he rose and bent over him saying:

"What are you drawing there?"

But the artist laid his hand quickly over it.

"Dear Julian," said Egerton, in his soft low voice, "do you think I have not learned to read your face in twenty years? Long ago I knew you loved her."

"Angelo!" he exclaimed.

"Ay," said Egerton, leaning against the mantelpiece, and looking down on him with that rare tender smile in his eyes and mouth, "I knew it long ago. That day at Falcontower, when we stood together on the ramparts, when you evaded my question, I knew that you had found your ideal, and would learn to love it, and Isbel is worthy of even you."

"Even me!" said Julian, with bitter force. "And can I suffer one word to her to pass my lips while I have the brand of murder on my head? Can I offer the woman I love a stained name? No; it is hopeless. There is a curse on me!"

"Julian, Julian! I cannot bear to hear you speak so!" said Egerton passionately. "Nothing is hopeless while there is life."

"Angelo, I was wrong to speak as I did," said Julian; "but would you have me try to win her heart with such a stain upon my name? Put it to your own chivalrous honor, severely, without reference to your love for me and then answer."

Egerton paused for a moment before he answered; and then said:

"I answer you in a conviction that is something deeper than mere fancy or hope, that you will before very long be cleared to the world; and to the old and honored name of D'Arcy, add the fame you have given to that of Rothesay. In that conviction, that is knowledge, I say to you, go and tell her all, conceal nothing, and if she loves you she will believe you innocent. Do not, if you will marry her till you can marry her in your own name."

"Angelo, if she does not believe me innocent—if she does not love me?" said Julian, rising.

"It is more the pomp of death, than death itself which is terrible," answered Egerton; "have you not a real enough skeleton without raising an imaginary terror as well?"

Julian smiled, and left the room, and Egerton, too restless now to remain still, ordered his horse and rode out to meet Leonora and Margaret.

* * * * *

A month had passed since Austin Rochester had seen his deeply wounded wife and child, but he could not forget either; and while he utterly shrunk from meeting his wife, he longed with almost sickening longing to see the daughter he had deserted, the child and living likeness of a wife who, however false in heart to him, he had worshipped. He must and would see her when he ascertained that Marion lived.

To find where she lived was easy, by means of a directory; her house was in Seymour street, not far from that occupied by Lady Alice St. John, and for days he lingered there, waiting, till at last he saw his wife one day go out in that same park phaeton without Isbel. He stood watching the carriage until it turned the corner, and then he crossed over and knocked.

"Is Miss Rochester at home?" he asked of the servant.

"Yes, sir," answered the man, evidently expecting a card, but none was offered.

"Ask Miss Rochester if she can spare a short time to a gentleman who wishes to see her."

The servant showed him up to the drawing room, and then crossed the corridor to Mrs. Rochester's boudoir, which was opposite, and where Isbel sat.

"Miss Isbel, there is a gentleman wishes to see you."

"Who is he, George?—are you sure it isn't mamma he wants?"

"No, miss; he asked for you, but gave no name."

"I will see him of course," said Isbel.

The servant retired, and Isbel wondering a little, rose, and leaving the boudoir door open, opened the drawing-room door and entered.

Full in the light of the windows stood Austin, and something in his form and face struck Isbel as vaguely as having something not utterly strange; she had not the almost preternatural memory of Leonora, or she would have recognized him.

Rochester advanced a step, and then paused, chilled to the heart to see her cold bow, and forgetting that she had not seen him since early childhood, and that he was changed, and into his cynical heart rushed afresh the thought long there that Marion had taught her to hate and scorn him, and then from his cynical lips came the bitter words:

"So, then, your false hearted stepmother has taught you well I see to follow in your dead mother's steps!"

The indignant blood flushed crimson to the girl's cheek and brow; the passionate blood of her father ran red in her veins then as she laid her hand on the bell.

"Who are you sir," she said, "that dare to come here and insult my mother?"

In her air was something of command,

and Rochester's passionate, imperious temper was aroused. He grasped her hand with a force that left her powerless, and said:

"Her husband, girl, and your father!"

Isbel turned very white, and with a loud cry recoiled from him as if his touch stung her.

"You do well," she said, with quivering lips, "to make your first words a falsehood on my gentle mother. Do you come back, after all these years, for that?"

"Isbel, Isbel!" said he, "is it thus a child should meet her father? Does it not confirm me in what I say, that Marion is false to me, and has taught my child to hate me as a black villian?"

"It is false!" exclaimed Isbel, passionately. "She never speaks of you. Oh, father, father! how can you speak so of her?"

And hiding her face in the cushions of the couch, the poor child burst into tears.

Rochester stood, looking gloomily down on her, seeing, feeling through nothing but the dark glass that like a black pall hung ever between him and her better nature.

"Aye," he said, "weep on. Women have always tears for everything; but they are vain with me."

He turned away. She heard the door close on him, and covering her face, she sobbed with an agony that shook every nerve of her slender frame.

"Miss Rochester!—Isbel!"

That soft, gentle voice!—it thrilled to her very soul, and she lifted her head to see Julian Rothesay bending over her.

"I can bear anything but to see you in such distress," he said. "Surely, Isbel, I love you too well not to grieve when you grieve."

He sat down by her, and wound his arm about her; and with all the innocent love of her young, pure heart, she laid her head on his heart; and the tears she wept were not all sorrowful. There was no language needed.

"Look up, darling, and listen to me," Julian whispered presently—"I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Julian?" she asked.

"My name is not Rothesay," he replied, "I am a man who has fled from prison to escape the law, who has been in exile nine years, for the brand of murder on his name. I want you to hear my story."

"You need not tell me your story, Julian, till I am your wife."

"God bless you, my own Isbel!" said Julian, pressing a kiss on the sweet upturned face; "but I cannot take you from an honored to a dishonored name. I am Julian d'Arcy, the step son of Marion, so long and still believed dead, because under the name of Doria I was accused of the murder of Angelo Egerton's mother."

"Mamma's son, that she loved so! Are you that Julian? Oh, I am so glad. How could anyone accuse you?" said Isbel, sweeping back the hair from his forehead, "how could they?"

"Isbel, dear, you must listen to my story now."

"Julian, if an angel should tell me you were guilty I should not believe it."

"I know that, Isbel; but for my own honor's sake you must know it now."

"Then tell me all, Julian your honor is to me as my own."

Meekly folding her little hands on her lap, Isbel sat perfectly still to listen, never once interrupting him by any exclamation or remark. What his story was we must reserve for the present, to tell what more immediately happened.

When Austin Rochester left the drawing-room he paused for a second, and then turned into the boudoir and closed the door, with the intention of writing a last letter to the wife and daughter he firmly believed hated him, and never could do anything else. A writing desk was open on a side table, and the initials on it, M. R told him it was his wife's. With the intention of finding writing paper he lifted the inner lid, but the first thing that met his eyes were the words "Dear Julian," in her well known hand. For a moment he hesitated, and then muttered fiercely:

"I have a right to know who she addresses so familiarly," grasped the letter and read it.

It bore date some time before, and seemed not to have been sent. Here are the lines, simple enough to us:

DEAR JULIAN,—I just write these few words in haste to ask you to come round this evening; and as Isbel is going to Lady Alice's, we shall be alone to talk of old times.—Yours affectionately,

MARION."

Rochester's first impulse was to tear it into a thousand pieces, and trample it under his feet, but for once controlling passions that were little used to it, he merely kept it in his hand, though he ground his teeth and clenched his hands in his fierce passion. He would wait now and see her, and know of her what that letter meant. Had she thought him dead, and so received a new lover? and, crush it as he would, conscience whispered she might well believe him dead in eight years of such utter desertion. Still the idea was maddening to a man like him, and it roused to the utmost all the worst feelings of a nature which, Heaven knows, had enough of evil in it, and

These shall the stormy passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.

So a dreadful half hour passed; and then at last the step he watched and hoped and waited for came up from the hall, along the gallery, and paused outside. The next moment the door opened, and the husband and wife, who had not met for eight years, were confronted.

There was a silence so intense that you could hear it hum and murmur, and then Marion took a step towards him with outstretched arms.

"Austin! my husband!"

Rochester drew back, and said sternly:

"Stand back, and do not touch me!"

Marion stopped.

"Austin, Austin! you told me once that you loved me," she said plaintively.

"You told me once that you loved me!" he answered, fiercely; "and yet I find this letter." And he flung it at her feet. "Who is Julian?"

Marion staggered back with a sudden sharp cry, and then stood as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. She saw his meaning; that her silence must inevitably make an irreparable breach between them. And yet how could she betray her son? place him in the power of the man whom bitter experience had taught her was so reckless and unscrupulous? No: she could suffer for her son, but she could not place him in danger; and she only bowed her head and wept bitterly.

"Answer me, Mrs. Rochester!" he exclaimed; "for by heaven, I will know. I have a right to demand it. Who is this Julian?"

"Her son!" said a deep voice, and Julian's tall figure stood between his mother and Rochester. "Silence, mother; my safety cannot weigh for a moment against your fair name, and while I live no man shall dare to cast the faintest shadow on that. Shame to you, Austin Rochester—shame to you! that I, her step son, and the future husband of her child, should stand here her protector, where you should stand!"

Rochester's passion literally held him silent for a minute, and then he burst forth.

"Husband of my daughter! No, never! Why has Julian d'Arcy passed for dead, and really lived in secret, unless you have a crime on your head?"

Julian moved a few steps forward, and said, calmly:

"Listen to me, Mr. Rochester (and neither Marion nor Isbel interrupt me) I throw myself on your honor not to betray me. You may remember the murder of Lady Egerton, and the arrest, trial and conviction of a man named Giulio Doria for the murder. I was that man! I escaped; for the evidence on the trial would have blasted my name, even if I was legally acquitted."

"Why were you in that disguise?" demanded Austin. "I remember the evidence, and I believed Doria guilty the more for his flight. Why were you so disguised?"

"There my lips are sealed," replied Julian. "But one day my name will be cleared."

"When it is, you shall have my daughter," said Rochester, with his cynical sneer—"not before."

"I do not wish it till then," said Rothesay, quietly. "I would not marry her with a stain on my name."

"It shall never be at all!" said Rochester, with a fierce, imperious gesture. "You shall never call her wife, now nor ever!"

Till now, Isbel had stood by the door without speaking; but at the last words she deliberately and quietly walked across the floor to where Julian stood, and putting one hand on his arm, locked the other in it.

"To this man, Julian d'Arcy," she said, steadfastly, "I have given my love, and pledged my hand, knowing him to be under the black imputation of a murder he is guiltless of. To the world his name is blasted, but to me he is pure; and I will not wait until he is prosperous and held fair in men's eyes, to become his wife. I will marry him while he is under this dark cloud of wrong and danger. I solemnly swear I will marry him now or never," she said, raising her eyes upward with a strange, steady light in their blue depths.

"Isbel!" exclaimed Julian, trying hurriedly to unclasp her hands, "unsay your words! It cannot be—it cannot be, until my name is cleared of this foul stain."

"Julian I have spoken, and nothing can turn me. I have sworn before Heaven, and dare not, if I would, break so solemn an oath. Take me now to share your darkened name and lost life, or in this room we part forever!"

Julian looked for one moment in her face; reading her very soul, then he drew her to him, with his strong, sheltering arm, and turned to her father.

"You have heard her noble words," said Julian; "and I accept the gift as Heaven-sent, for her love is holy. I take her to share my darkened name and lost life; to be in weal or woe my honored wife, and thus I seal it in your presence." And bending down he touched his lips to her brow and lips.

"By Heaven, this is too much!" exclaimed Rochester, stamping his foot, "unhand my daughter, or——"

With all his wild, ungovernable passions in his black eyes, and clenched, half upraised hand, he stepped forward, but his wife threw herself between them.

"Stand back!" she exclaimed, "he is my son!"

"Ha! do you, too, band with him and that girl against your husband. Hear me, Julian d'Arcy. Whenever and wherever you attempt to marry my daughter, I will be there to forbid the marriage."

"You are welcome to do your worst," answered Julian, with a haughty smile; "it is too late now to claim any right to the child you have so long deserted. Isbel, leave the room."

She glided away without a word. Then all Rochester's fury burst on the head of the beautiful woman who now knelt at his feet.

"Oh, Austin, my husband, have mercy!" she cried. "Is it not enough that you have broken the heart that loves you too well?"

"And do you think to win me back by taking part with this red handed son of yours"—— he was beginning, when Julian interposed.

"When you remember," he said, raising his mother, and throwing his arm round her. "that she is a woman and your wife, you may see her, but not till then." And he drew her from the room.

* * * * *

One soft April morning there was a quiet group in the ancient Gothic church at the Holy Cross in Falcontower. Before the altar knelt Julian d'Arcy and Isbel Rochester; near them stood Egerton and Leonora and Marion. And so they were married by Hugh Bertram, secretly, and the marriage of Julian d'Arcy, of Friar's Lea and Isbel Rochester was registered in the huge old vellum, iron-clamped book that recorded the marriages of all the Egertons of Falcontower.

Two days after Austin Rochester read the following announcement:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We have to announce the marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, of the young and celebrated artist, Julian Rothesay to Isbel Nina, only daughter of Austin Rochester, Esq., of Rochester Court. The fair bride was given away by Sir Angelo Egerton, M. P., and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss de Caldara and Mademoiselle de Castelnau, and the beautiful Mrs. Rochester, mother of the bride. The breakfast was given at the splendid mansion of Sir Angelo Egerton. The party was small and select."

[TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Husband's Rebuke.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

IT is into evil that men fall so easily, and an evil habit was at the bottom of our present story.

I had been told that our young friend Spooling and his wife did not live as happily as they might, but I could not credit it.

They had been married not two years yet, and I had known them both from childhood.

I had known Spooling for a smart, bright-faced, healthy boy, who was called the best scholar in the school.

He was honorable to a fault, and kind—or, at any rate, he meant to be kind.

I had known that he was very methodical in all he did, and that he was rigid in his observance of certain rules of life and speech. And it seems he had tried to make Lottie as precise and particular as he was himself; but it could not be done.

She was too light hearted; too gay and frolicsome; too prone to snap a chord from the first string that came to her hand.

And yet she was full of practical common-sense, and as good at heart as woman can be.

Said I—

"It cannot be. Those two cannot quarrel."

"You have never spent an evening with them," said my friend.

And I had not.

Since their marriage it had so happened, curiously enough, that when I was at home Spooling was absent, and when he was at home I was absent.

However, the occasion was at hand—a supper party at Parker's—and there I could watch the behavior of the couple in question.

The evening arrived, and the party assembled.

Of all there, surely Spooling and his wife were the happiest and the gayest of the happy ones, and I thought to myself—

"It's all a scandal. That woman is too good to begin a quarrel; and as for the man, he has too much sense."

But by and by we were seated at the supper-table, full fifty of us, and a merrier company, within the bounds of strict sobriety and reason, never was.

I sat at the table directly opposite Spooling and his wife.

Nothing could be prettier or more attractive.

At length Mrs. Spooling, urged thereto by a lady who sat at my side, began to tell the story of how she had been thrown from her carriage on one of the mountains in Switzerland, and she must have perished but for the accidental arrival of another party.

"For," said she, "I had left my husband at the little mountain inn, and we were a party of ladies on that trip altogether. Why, where I fell was full twenty feet below the road bed, and only the intervening trees and bushes, and tangled vines, saved me from being crushed to death."

"Keep within bounds, Lottie dear. You do not mean twenty feet," corrected the husband, with one of the very smoothest and most patronizing of smiles.

"I mean just twenty feet, George. I call it just as it looked and appeared to me. There was twenty feet of calamity, at any rate."

"But, my dear, you know we measured the ledge, or cliff, and found it to be twelve feet and four inches. That is not quite twenty, is it?"

"Did you ever!" cried the wife, flushing, but still holding hard upon her good nature. "That husband of mine beats Thomas at doubting. If he were to prove Saint Peter's dome, by his measuring tape, and find it half an inch below Michael Angelo's standard, I do verily believe he would denounce the whole thing as a fraud. Now, don't stick to that absurd measure of yours. Let it go as I told it, twenty feet, for I know, and shall declare, that I fell twenty feet."

"Then," said Spooling, with a red spot on either cheek—for everybody was laughing at him—"you will declare what is not true."

"George!"

"I say it, Lottie."

"Say I would tell an untruth!"

"If you say you fell twenty feet on that occasion upon the Swiss mountains, yes!"

"George Spooling, you are a brute! Just exactly a brute!"

"Lottie——"

"Stop, sir! We are in company. Don't tempt me further here. I warn you!"

And, with a gulp, and with bitter grace, he accepted the warning.

After the supper was over a few of us were standing in one of the deep bay windows when George Spooling joined us.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," he said, in tones as sorrowful and oily as could be commanded, "that my wife so exposed herself this evening. I beg you will believe that she possesses grand qualities, notwithstanding her unfortunate weakness."

Colonel Lynde was of our number—a grey-haired veteran of a hundred pitched battles on the contested field—a man standing six feet in his stockings, and built like a Hercules—a man ordinarily as mild and gentle as a child, but towering in his bursts of righteous indignation.

"Mr. Spooling," said the colonel, with a look of contempt not to be mistaken, "I marked well the whole course of your passage with your wife at the supper table, and were I that wife's brother, I should be strongly tempted to horsewhip you if you did not make to her the most complete and humble apology! What was it to us whether the exact measurement of a certain Swiss rock was twenty inches or twenty miles?

"The lady simply, in the freedom and fulness of her heart, gave us her impressions on the occasion. The only salient fact in the whole affair was just as she stated it.

"You, sir, snapped her up with a needless and idiotic correction, and then crushed her by giving her the lie. She told you the truth, sir, you acted the brute outright to-night; and I fear not to wager a hundred dollars that not a man or woman of the present company will dispute me!

"My very good friend, put that bit of dressing into your pipe, and meditate upon it as you smoke it."

Spooling cast his eyes around, and saw but too plainly that he had no sympathy there.

Of course, the remainder of the evening was far from joyous to him; but I am able to say that the event proved a blessing to him.

He did meditate upon the speech of the colonel, and when he found that others—all, in fact, whose opinion was worth having, were equally emphatic in condemnation of his course—he concluded that it would be for his interest to turn over a new leaf.

Since that evening of the supper party he has not corrected his wife in public. I do not know what he has done at home; but if we might judge from the sunlight always upon Lottie's face, we should say he had given up the evil habit altogether. A habit, easy enough to fall into, but with consequences hard to overcome.

GENERAL ALFRED SULLY, who died recently at Fort Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, left a very valuable estate in Philadelphia, inherited from his father, and also a considerable sum of money he had accumulated in his long army career, and his only heir is a half-breed daughter, whose friends can prove the marriage of General Sully with her mother after the Indian fashion. She is regarded as the handsomest Indian maiden on the Missouri river or in the great Sioux nation. She cannot talk English and her habits are thoroughly aboriginal.

A telephone has been placed in the Congregational Church at Mansfield, O., the wires leading to the houses of several aged and invalid persons. It surmounts a floral decoration on the table in front of the open platform, where it is hardly seen. The speaker pays no attention whatever to it, yet every word in the auditorium is easily heard in the rooms of the dwellings which the wires reach. The first message from the minister was from Scripture: "The word is nigh unto thee;" "His word runneth very swiftly."

"Blue Jeans" Williams, Governor of Indiana, wears cashmere clothes and a velvet collar. He is 73, and has round shoulders.

Trust and Love.

TO-MORROW I am going to be married. I, who have been set down as an old maid for an indefinite number of years. The expected event creates quite a commotion in our hitherto quiet household. My mother says, "What can I do without you?" And my dear father, whose dark hair begins to be sprinkled with silver, says, mournfully, "I cannot spare my Caroline," though I think he is secretly pleased that his pet "Carry" is to have such a noble husband after all. My roguish brother Tom goes about the house singing—

> There is no goose, however gray, but soon or late
> She'll find some honest gander for her mate.

And I—all this seems very strange to me. I cannot realise it that the bridal dress of snowy satin, with the gossamer veil and wreath of orange flowers, can be for plain Caroline Hudson. But the strangest of all is, that I am to marry John Grant—John Grant whom I learned to love years ago, but all thoughts of whom I strove to put far from me.

It is six years now since that morning in early summer, when we walked together through the green wood, the leaves stirred by a gentle wind, and the birds singing their morning songs. We were a little apart from the rest of our party, and when we had gathered our hands full of wild flowers that were scattered in profusion at our feet, we sat down upon a felled oak to wait for them. I was happy on that June morning, as I sat on that old tree by the side of John Grant, while he wreathed the buds and blossoms and the green leaves of the trailing convolvulus among the braids of my brown hair.

We did not talk much that morning, and we had sat in silence several moments, when John suddenly said, "Caroline, I want to tell you something." It was not the words that made my heart beat so and the hot blood rush to my cheeks and forehead, for we had known each other a long time, and he had often made a confidante of me—but it was the low tone, full of new and strange tenderness, that thrilled my whole being. I do not know, but perhaps my voice trembled a little, as I said, "Well, what is it, John?" "Carry, dear," but the sentence was not finished—just then the rest of the party made their appearance, and effectually put an end to all confidential conversation.

The next day John Grant left Tunbridge on business, which required his presence in Devonshire for several weeks. I did not see him for some time after his return, and when he called at last, there was a something undefinable in his manner; but yet a change, a restraint, which told me that those words once on his lips would not be spoken.

Months came and went, and again he left home ostensibly for business, but it was rumored that a beautiful young girl at Ferny Coombes, whose acquaintance he had made, was the real cause of his frequent visits to Devonshire.

In a little while it was said, and upon good authority, that John Grant was engaged to be married to Mary Keating; and it was also said that she was very young and very beautiful. Never till then, till I knew he was to marry another, was the secret of my own heart revealed to me; but then I know how I had loved him—how all hope, all joy, all earthly happiness, was centred in him—even now I shudder when I think of that time, when life seemed such a heavy burden, and I longed for a time to lay it down in the grave; but I could not; a thorny path opened before me, and I was to walk in it.

* * * * *

John Grant returned to Tunbridge soon after his engagement, and in a few weeks Mary Keating came to Elm Wood, on a visit to his sister. Soon after her arrival I was invited to a party to be given during her stay. I dreaded to go, and yet I could not stay away; how plain I looked as I stood before my dressing glass that night, in a plain silk, with a few scarlet verbenas had said once they contrasted well with my dark hair! I was early, and of all the girls in the room Mary Keating was the most lovely. I do not wonder he loved you, Mary; you were beautiful, as you came floating into the room, in a dress of light muslin, your golden curls falling over your sweet childish face, and your blue eyes running over with happiness, and he—but I dared not look at him long, for I was not very strong.

In the course of the evening I was introduced to her; and strange as it was, from that moment she seemed to cling to me. She was a child in artlessness, and soon commenced talking of "John," asking if I knew him, etc. "How strange he never mentioned you—he told me of so many of his friends. John—John," she called as he passed us, "why didn't you tell me about Miss Hudson?—you spoke of so many others. Our eyes met for an instant, and then I said pitying his embarrassment, "He has so many friends, it isn't at all singular that he should have forgotten one." But I knew then, as I do now that he had not forgotten me.

Just then, looking up, I saw in a mirror opposite, the reflection of our little group—and—John Grant! When I saw the contrast between Mary Keating and myself, I forgave him, if I had not before. Not that I was so very plain—I do not think I was—but she was so beautiful, so confiding and loving, no one could help being charmed with her; and I could not blame him, for he had always been a great admirer of the beautiful.

Mary Keating came to see me frequently while she staid at his sister's, sometimes, not often, accompanied by John. It was an autumn afternoon, full of clouds and sunshine, when she came to make her farewell call. He was with her watching her every movement with loving pride; and yet it seemed to me that he regarded her somewhat as a beautiful plaything, winding her yellow curls around his fingers, and calling her pet names. We went out into the garden to gather some flowers; and as she ran about, laughing and talking, picking flowers, and wreathing them in her hair, she seemed a lovely and bewitching child. John had gradually lost his constrained and embarrassed manner when with me, and, excepting that we never approached personalities in our conversation, our intercourse was getting to be something as it once was.

Our tastes in many things were similar. We had read and admired the same authors, and upon most of the important subjects connected with human life, our thoughts were alike. We were speaking of some work we had lately read, and were quite interested in discussing its merits, when Mary suddenly checked her happy play, and with a grave face, walked silently for a few moments at John's side. At last she said, "You never talk in that way to me John, but it's because I don't know enough." "You know enough for me, dear," he answered; but she went on, "I shall be but a 'child wife.' Caroline would suit you much better." "Allowing you to be judge," I said, laughingly, for I saw John could not answer readily. We said no more on that subject, but I think John asked himself more than once that day, "Is Mary right?"

When Mary bade me "good-bye," that afternoon, she wound her white arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, in her gentle voice, "Write to me often, Caroline, and teach me to be worthy of him." And she went out of the gate, through the hop garden, leaning on his arm, the warm autumn sunlight falling on her golden hair, making her very beautiful.

Soon after this John Grant left Elm Wood and took a farm on his own account in the west of the State, adjoining that of old Mr. Keating. I seldom heard and never mentioned his name (hardly ever). Mary wrote frequently to me during the winter; her letters were like herself, graceful and charming, full of love and confidence. She spoke much of John—"How proud she was of him, what letters he wrote, so much better than hers, and wasn't it strange he should love such a child as she was!" She went on writing in this way for several months; but at length there was a change in her manner of speaking of John; it seemed as though she were not quite as happy as she had been; she said she began to be discouraged about ever knowing any more, and hinted that John was getting dissatisfied with her—generally ending her letters with some anecdote about her favorite cat or canary. It was not long after this, when she began to speak of her cousin "Harry Smith," who was so agreeable, and yet didn't know a bit more than she did. A month or two after this, I was not much surprised when she wrote that her engagement with John Grant was broken by mutual consent—"They were not at all suited to each other, and no doubt would both be happier," she said; "for he knew so much and she so little. She concluded with a long account of her new black kitten Topsy, which seemed then to be the one object which engrossed all her attention.

* * * * *

Two years passed, and I seldom heard John Grant's name mentioned, and if I thought of him at all, I believed I had conquered my old attachment—my life flowed on quietly and serenely. One year ago—how well I remember the day—I was sitting quietly reading in the fading light of an October sky, when hearing a rustling among the leaves that lay thick upon the gravel walk, I looked up and saw John Grant approaching the house.

When he last was there, she was with him but he was alone now, and my heart's quick throbbing told me his errand.

Was I weak and wanting in self respect when, after he had told me all—told me that although he was fascinated with a beautiful and loving child, deep down in his heart had always lain a love for me.

All my love came back to me, and with more confidence that I could have felt four years before, I laid my hands in his, and said, "John Grant, I will be yours!"

John has sold his farm at Ferny Coombes, and our new home is near Ashford, as the old house at Elm Wood was taken down to make room for the railway. We neither of us expect to pass over our path of life without meeting with occasional storms; but we place our trust in One who is both willing and able to assist those to remove them who put their hand cheerfully to the work; and with us it will be both a work of trust and love.

A NEW WEARINESS.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

In those old times my hands were hard with toiling,
Their tasks ceased not thro' all the livelong day;
Sometimes I sigh'd, because I was so weary
Of working, working, in such busy way.

In these new times my hands are white and idle,
They find no task through all the livelong day;
And yet I sigh, because I am so weary
Of thinking, thinking, in such aimless way.

In those old times my hours were short and earnest,
Sleeping I lay thro' all the livelong night;
Sometimes I sigh'd, because I was so weary
Of waking to my work in morning light.

In these new times my hours are long and listless,
I laugh and dance through all the livelong night;
And yet I sigh, because I am so weary
Of waking to my thoughts in noonday light.

In those old times my dress was coarse and simple,
My face was ruddy in its youth and health;
Sometimes I sighed to be a dainty lady,
And live in careless gaiety and wealth.

In these new times my dress is rich and costly,
My face has lost its ruddy hue of health;
But oh! I sigh, because my busy girlhood
Had fresher gaiety and truer wealth.

The Prince of Torfa.

BY MINNIE YOUNG.

MANY, many, many years ago there lived at Skalkolt, in Iceland, a simple-minded old peasant who was not overburdened with money or wits. One Sunday this old peasant happened to hear a very beautiful sermon upon the duty of almsgiving. "Give, my brethren," said the old priest, "Give freely, and God will restore to you a hundredfold."

These words, which were often repeated in the course of the sermon, made an extraordinary impression upon the old peasant. That same evening he set off towards the priest's house, leading his only cow by a long rope.

The priest, who was busily engaged in conversation with two strangers when the peasant approached, looked somewhat astonished at the interruption. He was still more astonished when he learned the cause of it.

"My good man!" he exclaimed, "God never meant a material reward. Give alms of what you possess, and your heart will grow more tender, generous and liberal. That will be your reward."

But it was in vain he spoke.

The obstinate old man would not be convinced.

"A hundredfold you said, sir. You said a hundredfold."

At length, weary of the argument, the priest turned the old peasant and his cow out into the road, and shut the door behind them.

The thought of returning home to bear his wife's reproaches and his neighbors' ridicule, was by no means pleasant. The poor peasant trudged along, bemoaning his ill luck at every step he took.

The way was long, the roads were bad, it was bitterly cold, the ruts in the path were full of ice, and the wind kept raising great clouds of snow that nearly blinded old Frits and his cow. Presently he lost his way; and to lose your way in such weather in Iceland means to lose your life. Fritz began to weep bitterly. Suddenly he heard some one calling him. He looked around, and saw a man with a huge sack on his back.

"My good fellow!" cried the latter, "what are you doing out here with a cow in this weather?"

Frits related what had lately happened to him.

"Humph!" said the stranger. "I'll tell you what you had better do. Make an exchange with me. Give me the cow—you'll never take her home alive, and I live close by—and I'll give you this sack. It contains a rare treasure: meat to last you for many a long day to come—solid flesh and bone."

Frits hesitated, but finally agreed to the stranger's proposition. He did not like parting with his cow, but on the other hand he expected her to die of cold every minute. And then wouldn't he get a scolding from his wife!

"What have you got there?" cried that lady, as soon as he entered the hut. "And where is the cow?"

He told her.

"Goose! idiot!" she exclaimed, in a perfect fury. "Do you wish to ruin us with your folly? I'm starving, and there's nothing in the house for supper."

"Isn't there?" said Frits, triumphantly. "Just you wait and see. This sack contains real, good meat—solid flesh and bone."

And so saying, he untied the sack.

Judge of his surprise when out of it jumped a little man, clad in mouse-colored garments.

"Good morning, good people," said the stranger in a condescending, patronising tone. "I must beg of you not to think of cooking me, although I hope you mean to cook something or other pretty soon, for I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Frits fell back on the bench overwhelmed with terror, whilst his wife, fairly beside herself with rage, hurled upon him every abusive epithet she knew.

"Well, if there is no food in the house, and if nobody has any intention of providing any, the best thing I can do is to go out and see what I can procure."

And without saying another word the little man marched out, leaving Frits to defend himself as best he could against his wife's wrath.

At the end of an hour the stranger returned, bringing with him a magnificent sheep, the head and neck of which Mrs. Frits cooked for supper.

And this same thing happened for many days.

The king's herdsmen now began to complain that in spite of all their care and vigilance, the finest animals had disappeared, and were continuing to disappear from the grazing-ground.

"There must be a thief in the neighborhood," they all declared.

Presently it was rumored that a stranger, of whose arrival and antecedents nothing was known, had lately taken up his abode in Frits's cottage.

The king ordered his arrest, and he at once confessed he was the thief.

The king, who had never heard such candor, remained for some minutes too astonished to reply. Then with a frown that boded no good to the poor little man, he said coldly:

"It strikes me, from your own showing—that your principal talent is for thieving."

The stranger bowed with an air of humility, but made no reply.

"Well," said the king, "you know, I suppose, that you deserve to be hanged. But I will pardon you on one condition—that you succeed before to-morrow evening in stealing from my herdsmen the black bull that I prize so highly."

The little man was in despair. "Sire," he said, "you know that what you ask is impossible. How can I carry off an animal that is always so vigilantly guarded, that roams about the fields and the forest between two keepers?"

However, he went out, took a long rope, and walked for some time until he came to an old oak tree, beneath which the two herdsmen passed every morning with the prize bull.

There he paused, and suspended himself by his rope to one of the lower branches; but he took care not to make a slip knot, lest he should really hang himself. He hadn't long to wait before the two herdsmen came by, leading the black bull.

"See!" cried one man to the other, "there is some unfortunate wretch who has been hanged."

"Most probably that villain who has been giving us so much trouble lately," was the quiet rejoinder. "Well, he deserves his fate."

And then they passed on.

No sooner were they out of sight than our friend slipped down from his exalted position, and, carrying the rope with him, ran across the grass to another bend in the road, along which the herdsmen would have to pass. Then he chose another sturdy-looking tree, to a branch of which he again suspended himself.

The herdsmen were not long in making their appearance.

"There's another poor wretch who has been hanged!" cried one.

"It is the same one we saw before," said his companion.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the first speaker; "are you silly? How can one man, dead or alive, be in two places at the same time?"

"I'll bet you a new coat that it is the same."

"Done. We'll run back to see if the little man in the mouse-colored clothes is still hanging from the old oak tree. But first let us tie the bull up."

So they made the animal fast to the trunk of a tree, and then they started off in a desperate hurry to see who had lost the bet. But no sooner were they out of sight than the little man slipped down from his perch and walked off in triumph with the bull.

When he presented himself with the bull next day before the king, the latter was very angry, and said unless he stole his own queen from his side, he should surely be hanged.

The little man was much disheartened, but for all that determined to try. The king meanwhile gave the strictest orders that the queen should under no circumstances expose herself to the danger of being induced to go, or forcibly carried away.

That same evening towards dusk a holy friar might have been seen slowly wending his way towards the palace to collect alms and broken meat for the poor. He begged of every one he met, and when the queen had contributed her mite he thanked her humbly.

"Your majesty is both merciful and liberal," he then added, "and pities, I am sure, the poor unfortunate who to-morrow will expiate his crimes on the gallows. He is very anxious to see you, and wishes to impart to you a few secrets of the utmost importance."

"Secrets!" exclaimed the queen, to whom few people imparted secrets. "I should like to know some secrets."

"The first secret will enable you always to get your own way. The second will teach you how to retain the affection of all around you. And the third is the secret of life long beauty."

The queen jumped up and clapped her hands. "I'll learn those!"

"Then you must be quick about it, for the little man can only reveal his secrets whilst he is free. The very moment he becomes a prisoner, he loses his power of imparting them."

"Then take me to him at once—but stop—I forgot—the king has given strict orders that I am not to leave the house. Oh, what am I to do?"

"Then the king is a wicked tyrant, who does not deserve to be obeyed. But if you won't come, why, the secret must die with its possessor, unless——"

"Unless what?" asked the queen, with eagerness.

"Unless some more trusting lady chooses to confide herself to my care."

It was bad enough to remain in ignorance of the secret herself, but to hear that another woman might acquire the knowledge which she so ardently coveted, was gall and wormwood to the queen. She hesitated for a minute, and then concluded to go in spite of her husband's commands.

That evening when before supper, the king was waiting for his spouse, an officer of the guard came in and informed his majesty that "somebody wished to speak with him."

"I can't see anybody!" shouted the king; "I'm just going to supper."

"Sire," returned the officer, "the person of whom I am speaking is—the little mouse-colored man. We would have hanged him then and there at the castle gates, but he told us he had a message of importance to deliver to you—some state secret that had been confided to him by the queen."

"By the queen!" shouted the king. "Is it possible? He has actually stolen the queen. Bring him hither."

The little mouse-colored man entered, made a low bow to the king, and another to the officers of the court, and then waited to hear what the former had to say to him. There was nothing meek or humble in the little man's demeanor now. On the contrary, he looked as if to say, "Catch me if you can!"

"What have you done with the queen?" roared the king.

"Don't put put yourself out about her. She is all right. She'll be here directly," was the calm reply.

"You have stolen her, you thief!"

"You ordered me to do so."

"But how?—when?—where did you steal her?"

"Did you not pass a friar on your road home?"

"Yes."

"I was the friar. Your wife will be here soon. My grand chamberlain is escorting her home now."

"*Your* grand chamberlain!"

"Yes. *My* grand chamberlain. King, I may as well tell you at once who I am. I am the Prince of Toria. I was on my way hither to ask your consent to my marriage with your only daughter, when a sudden storm compelled me to take refuge with my chamberlain in the priest's cottage at Skalkolt. After leaving the cottage, chance threw me in the way of that most simple-minded of peasants, poor old Fritz, with whom I have lodged ever since. I found the good man and his wife starving, and as a prince, I naturally could not accept their hospitality without making them some return. Not having my purse with me, I raised a forced loan, and——"

"Ye—es," replied the king thoughtfully; "that is certainly the case. And any way, prince, I had rather have you as a son-in-law than as a neighbor, especially when you happen to be lodging with hungry peasants. Therefore when the queen arrives——"

"Here she is!"

The queen entered, looking decidedly sheepish; but she soon recovered her spirits upon learning that she was to become mother-in-law to so very clever a person as the little mouse colored man.

"And the secret?" she whispered to him, "you have never told it to me."

"The secret of perpetual beauty is to be always beloved."

"And how can one be always beloved?"

"By always being kind and true."

Five young men belonging to the Government surveying expedition got lost on on the sterille plains of Colorado. After a day of wandering without water, they disagreed as to the best direction to take, and two went one way, while three went another. The two found a camp after three days of intense suffering from thirst. A party hurried to search for the other three. When they were discovered two were dead, and the third lived only long enough to drink a little water—the first in five days. At about the same time $30 000 fell to him by the death of a relative in Baltimore.

Scientific and Useful.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—Chick-weed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state no rain will fall.

ROACHES IN HOUSES.—To rid a house of cockroaches, make a mixture, composed of one part of powdered borax and two parts of powdered sugar and sprinkle upon the floor where they frequent. This will soon eradicate them.

MONEY SAFES.—A recent contrivance for the protection of money safes is a net of telegraph wire spread all over them, in electric communication with a powerful alarm bell. Any attempt to force the safe open, to drill its sides, to cut or remove the net-work, or to tamper in any way with the apparatus, sounds the alarm.

CEMENT FOR GLASS, ETC.—For a recipe for a cement to be used for repairing glass, leather, etc. Soften fine glue or isinglass by soaking in cold water and dissolve it in the smallest possible quantity of proof spirits by aid of gentle heat over a water bath; in two ounces of this mixture dissolve 10 grains of gum ammoniacum, and while still liquid add one-half drachm of mastic dissolved in three drachms of rectified spirit, and stir the mixture. Keep in stoppered bottle. For use melt by standing the bottle in warm water.

IRON IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—Observations of snow collected on mountain tops and within the Arctic circles and far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron float in the atmosphere, and in time fall to the earth. Some physicists believe that these floating particles of iron are concerned in the striking phenomena of the aurora. In his recent voyages, Nordenskjold examined snow far in the north beyond Spitzbergen and found therein small particles of metallic iron, phosphorus and cobalt.

LIQUID SLATING FOR BLACKBOARDS.—Alcohol (95 per cent.) 5 pints; shellac, 8 ounces; lampblack, 12 drachms; ultramarine blue, 20 drachms; powdered rotten stone, 4 ounces; powdered pumice stone, 6 ounces. First dissolve the shellac in the alcohol, then add the other ingredients, finely powdered and shake well. To apply the slating have the surface of the board smooth and free from grease. Shake well the bottle containing the preparation, pour out a small quantity only on a dish and apply it with a new flat varnish brush as rapidly as possible. Keep the bottle well corked and shake it up every time before pouring out the liquid.

NIAGARA FALLS.—The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at 100 000 000 tons per hour, and its perpendicular descent may be taken at 150 feet, without considering the rapids, which represent a further fall of 150 feet. The force represented by the principal fall alone amounts to 16 000 000 horse-power, an amount which if it had to be produced by steam would necessitate an expenditure of not less than 266 000 000 tons of coal per annum, taking the consumption of coal at four pounds per horse per hour. In other words, all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that annually runs to waste at this wonderful fall.

Farm and Garden.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of soda, besides being a plant feeder and the best source of nitrogen for plant growth, furnishing it in the best form for assimilation, is also a distributor of plant food, by aiding in the diffusion of other elements upon which plants grow through the body of the soil.

THE COW.—In the care and management of the dairy cow, the milking should be done with exact regularity as to time, and each cow be milked by the same person, and in the same order from day to day if possible. No change of milkers or change of time for milking should be allowed, except for the most urgent reasons.

SALT AND WOOD ASHES.—The importance of an occasional relish of salt and wood ashes for all kinds of stock cannot be too highly appreciated. The most convenient form in which these materials are offered is in a solid mass, which admits of diligent licking on the part of the animal without getting more of the mixture than is desirable.

CARE OF VERBENAS.—Verbenas should be grown in a temperature of from 50 to 60°. After proper flowering, and before the plants become exhausted, they should be cut back to some extent, and manure water applied around the roots once a week, and the soil loosened. This is to prevent the black rust. If too dense trim out some of the branches.

DRINKING WATER.—Water can be kept cool for drinking in warm weather by the following method: Get fresh water, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher wrapt around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth. Expansion produces cold; compression, heat.

AN INSECT DESTROYER.—An experienced gardener gives the following method for effectually destroying insect pests, both indoors and out. Take a barrel half filled with coal tar and fill it with water, and let it stand awhile. Then the water may be sprinkled on the leaves and stems. This will kill all the insects that come in contact with the plants. If coal tar cannot be obtained, Paris green may be used.

THE ECONOMICAL USE OF COAL.—In mild weather much coal may be saved in large stoves, or furnaces, or grates by covering a part of the grating with brick, or flat stones, or clay, even, or by covering part of the coal with fine ashes, so that the draft of air can only pass through a part of it. A little skill and care in this will effect a great saving of fuel, and supply an amount of heat adapted to the weather.

FIRM BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—In families where the dairy is small, a good plan is to get a very large sized, porous, earthern flower pot, with an extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set in it a trivet or light stand; upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the pot with a cork; dash water over it frequently, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice house.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 12 1879.

WORRY.

MEN and women given over to worry, will worry about the strangest, the most out-of the way, the most unheard of, the most laughable things it is possible to conceive. It matters very little what are the outward circumstances—the will can find something in them to remind it of its own limitation of power, and to provoke its consequent resentment. It is curious to see how people of this habit will take anything that first comes to hand—good, bad, or indifferent—and instantly find in it something to grow anxious and impatient over, and to pull about, first on this side and then on that, until an exciting consciousness of their own inability to do anything in the matter, and an irritated feeling in consequence of it, get the upperhand of their good sense. What we have to say upon this subject by way of practical suggestion is just what everybody says, and says to little or no purpose. Worry doesn't do you the least good. It relieves from nothing, it helps nothing, it qualifies for no work, it conduces to no desirable result. It very gratuitously puts an immense amount of wear and tear upon the nervous system without in the slightest degree obtaining in return any compensatory satisfaction. It is neither a duty nor a pleasure; and yet men almost invite, certainly entertain it, as if it were both!

A WRITER discusses intelligently the importance of common schools and the difficulties encountered by teachers in inducing regular attendance and the maintaining of uniformity of text books. Another difficulty, complains the writer, arises from a mania among a certain class of farmers for acquiring all the land that joins theirs. Indeed, it becomes a species of insanity, and from it men seldom recover. This is the way it works: So soon as a man, by scrimping and scraping, has saved a few hundred dollars, he bargains for the farm adjoining his, and makes the first payment, giving a mortgage for the balance. Now, for years he must scrimp and scrape even more closely, to pay off that mortgage. No sooner is this accomplished than the process is repeated; and so on, till death ends his work. Meanwhile, his family is denied every comfort, his wife is a slave, and his children are growing up little better than heathens. Not that the father means to be unkind or neglectful, but he is "so poor"—land poor, always with a mortgage hanging over him, always with big interest and big taxes to pay. His home cannot have books and pictures, for these cost money, and he has none to spare; nor flowers, and the thousand dainty devices which make home attractive, because the overworked mother has no time nor heart for such things; and so the eternal grind, grind, grind of their life goes on, without a particle of brightness to illumine it.

SANCTUM CHAT.

RICHELIEU'S strongest weapon was a threat of retirement; when all other arguments failed, the Cardinal submissively withdrew, and an hour afterward the King yielded. Bismarck uses this same trick, not with the Emperor, but with the Parliament. When things become too much mixed up, he goes to Varzin for a couple of months or half a year, and when he returns, the situation has generally become clear. He is just now applying this remedy.

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MYRON G. COLLINS, of Tennessee, claims to have discovered a cure for rattlesnake bites. Drs. Eve and Shacklett, of Nashville, made a test of the medicine. Collins let a rattlesnake bite him on the wrist, and at once applied to the wound and took inwardly a decoction of mosses from oak and hickory trees. He suffered from nausea, and his pulse and temperature were excited, but within an hour he had completely recovered. The bite of the same reptile speedily killed a dog.

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A SCOTCHMAN reminds the public that the great movements of reform that have taken place in the religious life of the world have been rendered necessary by strong, united churches being dead religiously—"and dead religiously, according to my reading, because an outward unity had stifled inquiry, and the removal of the competitive element paralyzed all desire for action. This was so in England when Luther came. It was so in England when Wesley came. It was so in Scotland when Chalmers came."

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"NATURE" says that the carrier-pigeon service is now in full operation in France, and has been placed under the direction of the Chief of Aerial Communication. The number of birds fed by the government is 6 000 These pigeons are located in Paris and twelve other large fortified towns. A number of soldiers and officers have been taught the art of pigeon breeding, and carriers are constantly sent from place to place. The Minister of Public Instruction and the Minister of Agriculture have established prizes for pigeon-races.

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TWELVE sets of telephones have been sent out to Sir Garnet Wolseley for use at the seat of war in South Africa. The great advantage of the telephone over the telegraph is that the general can carry on confidential talk with the officer at a district station, or a soldier can creep out toward the enemy's lines and whisper back the information as to position. A fine wire—the thinner the better—is all that is needed. This the soldier carries on a reel upon his back, a mile weighing only a few pounds. This will be the first time the telephone has been used as an instrument of warfare.

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"A HANDSOME sum ought to fall into the Exchequer on the death of Baron Rothschild," says the London *World*. "He was father of his family in the strictest patriarchal sense. Not a tree could be felled, a bedstead removed, or a coat of paint put on a cottage door on property nominally his sons', without the express sanction of the Baron. The sons occupied houses and estates by themselves, but the property was the father's, and he did not forget it. He was not the man to provide for his sons, as rich men do, during his lifetime. There will, therefore, be succession duty payable on the scale as if Abraham had died, assuming that such troubles as taxes existed in his day."

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A PRUDENT wife picks up the pieces and stores them in her apron pocket when her lord and master tears up his last will and testament. A gentleman of means died in London on April 1 in a state of madness, the result of frequent and violent attacks of delirium tremens. In one of these attacks, while destroying his furniture, articles of virtu, and some valuable documents, in a moment, and before his hand could be arrested, he tore his will into small pieces and scattered them on the floor of his room. His wife, who was present at the time, carefully collected the scraps, preserved them and produced them for probate after his death, pasted in proper order upon a background of paper. A medical certificate to the effect that at the time when this act was done the testator was suffering from delirium was read, and the court decided to admit the will to probate.

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SOME of Professor Ruskin's advice to ladies on the subject of dress has lately attracted attention. "Mind," he says, "you always dress charmingly; it is the first duty of a girl to be charming, and she cannot be charming if she is not charmingly dressed. Set an example of beautiful dress without extravagance, that is to say, without waste or unnecessary splendor." No doubt all girls will see the wisdom of that maxim, even if they do not appreciate the following: "Wear becoming, pleasantly varied, but simple dress of the best possible material; what you think necessary to buy beyond this, for the good of the trade, buy, and immediately burn."

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THE way in which a fool and his money are soon parted was well shown at a recent sale of the contents of Gunnergate Hall, near Middleborough, England, where Thomas Vaughan had run through a fortune of $2,500 000 in eight years. The furnishing of the billiard room alone cost between $150,000 and $200 000; in the smoking room the spittoons cost $100 each; in some of the rooms the leather coverings of the seats cost $90 a yard; a single fireplace cost $10 000, and the owner's bedstead $7 500. The same splendor reigned throughout. The kitchen utensils were of silver, and though these were being constantly stolen they were replaced in the same metal. An artist of some repute executed a series of frescoes representing the Isthmian games and other subjects on the stable walls. Here the stalls were of ornamental wood, profusely gilt.

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IT is mentioned as a curious fact that Jerome Bonaparte, on the whole, made the best match ever seen in his family up to that time. Miss Patterson was the accomplished daughter of a wealthy and highly respected merchant, while every one of the brothers or sisters of her husband had married persons of low birth or doubtful respectability. Thus, Joseph Bonaparte had married the daughter of a soap merchant at Marseilles; Napoleon himself had married the former mistress of Barras; Lucien, an ex chambermaid at an inn in St. Maximin, near Toulon; Eliza, the son of a coffee waiter and billiard marker (Bacciocchi); Matilda, an ex hostler (Murat) at an inn three miles from Cahors; Paulina (Borghese), the bastard son of an itinerant wood dealer (Leclerc), whose brother had been hanged for robbery. Supposing Jerome to have acted in good faith, and to have privately debated the subject with his brothers, he might, indeed, have made a good case against them.

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THE Moscow correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* says that the practice of banishing Russian criminals to Siberia has of late been repeatedly objected to both by legal and political authorities in Russia, and that even the government now recognizes the necessity of a thorough reform of the present system. Deportation to Siberia was first introduced as a mode of colonization; and banishment did not depend so much on the degree of the convict's guilt as on his capacity for labor; indeed, many persons who were innocent of any crime used to be sent to Siberia as settlers. It is only in comparatively recent times that banishment has been looked upon as a means of clearing Russian society of its dangerous elements. Only those are now banished to Siberia who are regarded as dangerous to society and the State, irrespective of any qualifications they may possess as colonists. The number of persons "deported" to Siberia in 1875 was about 18 620; 5 000 of these were sentenced to banishment by a court of law; 9 000 were banished "by administrative decree," and the rest were the women and children of the exiles. It is estimated that the total number of banished persons now in Siberia is about 300 000.

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THE father of Miss Maria Edgeworth, the English novelist, had grim ideas on moral training, which offer a decided contrast to some modern ideas. Among other instances of his harsh discipline is the following: Charlotte Edgeworth, half-sister of Maria (the daughter of the famed beauty, Honora Sneyd, the second of Mr. Edgeworth's four wives), was a beautiful girl, with luxuriant golden hair. The rector of the parish and an officer of the British army were dining at Edgeworth's town house. After dinner the ladies repaired to the library, and after wine the gentlemen followed. As they entered the door of the library the officer exclaimed, "How beautiful!" Mr. Edgeworth said, haughtily and quickly, "What do you admire, sir?" He replied, "Your daughter's magnificent hair." Charlotte was standing in a becoming attitude before the bright grate, with her arms resting upon the mantelpiece. Mr. Edgeworth walked across the rooms to the book shelves, opened a drawer, held her head back and cut her hair close to her head. As the golden ringlets fell into the drawer this extraordinary father said, "Charlotte, what do you say?" She answered, "Thank you, father." Turning to his guests, he remarked, "I will not allow a daughter of mine to be vain."

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DR. MESCHEDE described, at the meeting of the naturalists and physicians at Cassel, a peculiar form of mania which he had observed, and which is the reverse of the mental disease known under the name agoraphobia, in which the patients are suddenly taken with a sensation of terror and giddiness when attempting to cross a large open space or when entering a hall or facing a large multitude. In the disease observed by Dr. Meschede, the patient, a young man aged twenty, was subject to oppression and giddiness whenever he entered a small room or a narrow space. He had been obliged to leave his studies and to apprentice himself to a farmer. He could not sleep in a room, but camped out in the fields and woods during the summer; and only during the coldest part of winter could he be prevailed upon to sleep in a large and airy apartment with all the windows open. There was no hereditary predisposition, but certain sensorial anomalies existed, and he had also suffered for several years from ear disease. There were no other traces of mental affection. Another similar case was that of a patient suffering from diabetes who experienced much the same sensations. The author thinks that this disease ought to be classed under the same head as agoraphobia, as in both the characteristic symptom is that the patient cannot by any means form an accurate conception of the dimension of his surroundings. He also mentioned a third curious case; that of a man who, after recovering from poisoning himself with prussic acid, could not remain in the middle of the road when he saw a vehicle approaching him, even at a considerable distance, but was forced, as it were, against his own will, to stand aside without waiting for it to come nearer.

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THERE are people who do not take a vacation because they conscientiously cannot; there are those who don't take one because they won't; there are those who, taking, make something in the way of health, amusement or acquirement of knowledge out of their vacation, and there are those who only intensify the inconsequence of their existence by travel. About the only thing to be said is that every one ought to have sense enough to know how or when to take his or her vacation, and to avoid the idea that the recreation of another is a guarantee that the same place and things will give pleasure to the imitator. Means, tastes, habits, sex, time of life, are all factors, and, where these coincide, the fact of no, or hasty and limited acquaintanceship is sufficient with many to militate against the crowd. The law of variety is as universal as any other law. It is as beneficial as it is pleasant to get occasionally out of the ruts. But it is not essential that the change should be far in the distance or great in kind. The vacation, simply as a vacation from accustomed work and in behalf of physical and mental recuperation, may often better be taken at home—that is to say, with such excursions as do not break up the home life; or in many cases the habit of turning daily, for an hour or two, wholly aside from the ordinary routine, and indulging in reading, study or work of a different character, will be a perpetual and sufficient vacation. One thing is absolutely certain, change of place is not essential; it is change of thoughts, of care, of responsibility. Worry among the hills, or in Europe is as destructive as worry in the counting-room or manufactory—even more so, for distance precludes its alleviation by the endeavor to remove its cause. The formal, fashionable and legal vacation ought to be the occasion for the renewal of the strength of body and mind. How far it is so, fortunately, perhaps, we have no statistics to show.

"THE FIRST LOVE."

BY W. H. Y.

Who says that hearts are changeless?
That joy is always sweet?
Who says that languor waits upon
The dancer's flying feet?
Ah, truth is never changeful,
Though hearts be rarely true;
And the old love is still the true love—
A false love is the new!

Dear heart, in Life's fair morning
How passion lapped us twain!
We felt the keenest throb of love,
We felt love's later pain.
Oh, day, that brought us parting!
Oh, heart that anguish knew!
Oh, love that still is the true true love—
Oh, false love, that is new!

Once more shall we remeasure
At peace the better years,
And drown in laughter of the time
The memory of your tears.
What joy, then, to remember
How love with absence grew!
For the old love still is the true love—
A false love is the new!

The Scarlet Fragment.

BY S. R. T. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE INN.

IN December of the year 1857 circumstances called me to a market town in the West of England. Completing my business much sooner than I expected, I found that I had a spare day or two to devote to my own pleasure.

There is never much to see in a country town, so I proposed to myself to journey a little way into the "interior," and took my ticket for the first station upon the line. Ten minutes elapsed, and I arrived at my destination. It was a snug little village, which for the nonce we will call Coneywarren.

Giving up my ticket at the end of the little platform, I crossed to where I saw a sign board swinging above the porch of a substantially-built house, the "Ellingthorpe Arms."

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather two farm laborers were seated on a bench at the outside of the house, who stared at me with half drunken stupidity as I passed, and I heard one of them say: "It be a friend of the pa'sun's, bean't it?" to which the other replied: "Doan't know, I'm sure; looks like un. Coom, drink up."

Mounting two steps I entered the inn; the buxom landlady welcomed me with a smiling countenance as I made my way to the bar—a capacious room, having at the end a large window, which looked upon the turnpike road, railway, and station.

After ordering a glass of brandy and water, and having brought some little warmth into my benumbed toes, I approached the window where the landlady sat knitting.

"A very cold day, sir," she said by way of opening a conversation.

"Yes," said I, musingly; "but seasonable."

"Oh! very seasonable, sir," she replied, adding in a startled tone—"Bless me, Mary, is that you?" How you frightened me. But I'm glad you've come down, for I wanted you."

"What is it, aunt?" was the inquiry.

I turned, and saw that the speaker was a girl of twenty, lively and pretty looking; as she caught my glance she blushed, and vanished with her aunt into her little back parlor, where I heard a whispering conference going on.

Looking out on the frosty road, I noticed a tall thin man, followed by a lean liver-colored greyhound and a shaggy Skye terrier, approaching the railway. I was struck by his commanding height and military gait; he was dressed entirely in black, his hat pressed low over his eyes; and, as he drew nearer, I observed that the tiny urchins at play ran out of his path, and that the older children dropped timid curtseys, or pulled their forelocks with clumsy reverence.

Whoever the gentleman was he appeared to have some importance and authority; for, as he advanced, the policeman officiously ran across the rails to open the gate for him to pass through, touching his hat respectfully as he did so. As he stood talking in front of me I had an opportunity of minutely examining his features, which were strongly marked, with an aquiline nose, no whiskers, and a complexion which looked extremely pale, in contrast with his heavy moustache.

"Do you know who that is?" said a voice behind me: with a start I replied in the negative. "It is Squire Ellingthorpe," pursued my informant, the landlady" pretty niece; "and I declare he's coming here!" saying which she ran out to meet him.

"Your squire is a fine-looking man, Mrs. Meadows," I observed, as the hostess reentered.

"Yes, Sir, and he's as good as he looks," she replied. "He's talking to our Mary about his geese, I suppose. Dear me! I wonder she doesn't ask him to step in this cold day. He's very proud, you see, sir, awfully proud; but we're good tenants, and he can be affable enough when it suits him. Bless me, what a time they are, to be sure!"

But her comments were stopped by the entrance of Mr. Ellingthorpe, preceded by his dogs, and followed by Mary. He courteously addressed Mrs Meadows, who colored with pride at this visit from what she would have termed "the quality," and he bowed slightly on observing me, but in so distant and reserved a manner, that I felt as if intruding, so took refuge in a little chat with Mary, while the squire and the landlady talked about the coming Christmas and the raids made by foxes on Mr. Ellingthorpe's farm yards.

I asked Mary whether there were any objects of interest to be seen within an easy walking distance.

"Why, sir," she replied, "there's the hill, and"—she added, in a lower tone, "the Court."

"And how far is the hill?" I asked.

"Only about a mile to the top," said Mary; "and then you can see the cathedral, twenty one churches, and the broad waters."

I decided on going.

"It," said Mary, "you go straight up the road until you come to the blacksmith's, you will have to turn to your right by the post office, and then keep straight on till you reach the top of the hill. You will be back by four or half past, sir, and aunt will have dinner ready for you, as I daresay you will be hungry after your walk. Let me see—it's Wednesday; we shall have company to-night."

"Who?" I asked.

"Oh, Dr Walesby, Mr. Birch, the sexton, Farmer Jenkins, Uncle Gabriel, who is churchwarden, and Mr. Owles, from the post office," replied Mary; "they always come here on Wednesday evenings to smoke their pipes and tell the news of the week. I'm sure you'll like Dr. Walesby, he's such a nice man."

I will not inflict on my readers a lengthy description of my ramble to the beacon top; suffice it that, when there, I could not discern a single spire, and as for "the broad waters," I might as well be standing in the kingdom of Bohemia, for aught I could see of them. Evening shadows had began to fall, and glad was I when I caught sight of the bright sparks that shot up from the blacksmith's forge as I neared it on my descent.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMPANY IN THE BAR—THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

ON returning from my ramble I did ample justice to the eggs and bacon, and frothing, "home brewed" of mine inn.

By seven o'clock I was fairly entered on the "good books" of Mrs Meadows, and as the clock over the mantel piece struck that hour the company began to arrive. We sat at a round table by the fire, and as I was a stranger and a Londoner, I was elected to the honorable post of chairman.

On my right hand sat Mary, sewing, with a small work box on the table before her. Then came Farmer Jenkins, ruddy and stout, who smoked sedately, with solemn unction, a long clay pipe, his dexter eyes closed meanwhile. He answered questions with monosyllable grunts, and when "the spirit moved him" to speak, invariably began with "I say."

Opposite me sat Dr. Walesby, a fine specimen of the old medical school; eccentric but courteous, rough but hearty. I supposed him fifty years of age, though not a lock of his chestnut hair had turned color, and his spectacles did not appear at all necessary to him; for while he spoke to you he closed both eyes, and when he read he always looked over his glasses, which were perched on the very tip of his nose.

Mr. Birch the parish clerk, clergyman's factotum, and village oracle, was a fair type of his class. Nature had adorned him with a bullet head, covered with a few straggling grey hairs, and a Bardolphian nose, while art had furnished him with a prodigious pair of horn-rimmed barnacles; and as I looked at him I set him down in my mental tablets as a merry man and an honest.

Mr. Owles was postmaster, village Gamaliel, and organist,—sharp as a crowd, and evidently considered somewhat of a wag; a young man, too, of whom Miss Mary pretended to be very much afraid, (and it was all pretence, for I have since heard that she became Mrs. Owles.)

Uncle Gabriel Brown, the churchwarden (Mrs. Meadows' brother,) did not arrive, so a fine of glasses was recorded against him by his niece, to be paid on the following Wednesday.

"After the last train, which comes in at half past eight, we shall have Mr. Beames, the station master, to join us," said the young lady to me.

"And a good sort of fellow, too," said Dr. Walesby; "a superior and tolerably educated man."

The conversation turned on local matters, and interested me little till nine o'clock, when Mr. Beames arrived.

The new comer was a cherry cheeked, hook-nosed, short, stout man, with merry twinkling grey eyes, evidently a general favorite. He soon made friends with me, and after an apology for not removing his official oiled skined cap, without which, he said he always caught cold, he inquired if I had been up the hills—"As fine a view, sir, I should say, as any in the whole kingdom."

I laughingly informed him of my disappointment, and we commenced a conversation, in the course of which the day of the month was mentioned, when Miss Mary exclaimed—"You don't mean to say it's the tenth of December? Oh aunt! do you hear that?"

Mrs Meadows, who was bustling about supplying our wants and those of the noisy tap room, suspended her occupation, and going to a cupboard, she gravely consulted a tattered copy of "Old Moore's Almanack."

"Ah, sure enough this is the day," she ejaculated, looking up—"four years ago to-day!"

Seeing Mary's startled look, I asked what anniversary it was.

"I suppose they are referring to young Ellingthorpe's death," said the doctor, sipping his whiskey and water.

"The ghost walks to night, Miss Brown," said Mr. Beames jocosely.

"Oh Mr. Beames, how can you laugh about such an awful thing!" responded Miss Mary, seriously; "I should have thought you would have known better, when your own daughter and James Swing saw it last year."

"I never saw it myself," replied the old gentleman, sceptically

"There's truth in it, though, for all that," said Dr. Walesby; "for my assistant, young Cardamon, distinctly saw it as he was crossing the churchyard, and I can trust him, implicitly. Yet I don't think it worth my while to go ghost seeing."

"But surely you don't believe in apparitions?" I asked in surprise; and continued—"I never knew a man yet who didn't know somebody else who had seen a ghost. For my part, if I were certain that a ghost would really appear, I think I should be inclined to waylay him and give him a trouncing. Can any one give me the history and origin of this said ghost—the ghost, I presume, of young Ellingthorpe?"

"With all my heart," replied Dr. Walesby; "but I must trouble Mrs. Meadows first to replenish my glass."

"He was murdered the very day I was appointed registrar of births and deaths," soliloquised Mr. Birch.

At this juncture, just as Dr. Walesby was about to begin his narrative, a young man lounged into the bar, and nodding familiarly to the company, called for a glass of brandy and water, which he said he would drink standing, as his horse was at the door.

"That's young Melton," whispered Mary to me; "such a disagreeable fellow—I can't bear him!"

I fancied the young man heard the remark, for he scowled at her malignantly.

"Come, doctor," I said, "let us have your story. I think Mr. Birch said that young Ellingthrope was murdered. I wish ——"

Crash went a glass. We all started, and, on looking round, saw young Melton, in some confusion, picking up the fragments of a broken tumbler. He had dropped his brandy and water as Mrs. Meadows handed it to him. I gave him a candle from our table, the better to enable him to find the pieces, when, to my surprise, he muttered sulkily, "I don't want that!" and extinguished the light.

"Ah," growled Farmer Jenkins, "Melton was always a clumsy, surly unpleasant fellow."

The young farmer sullenly produced his purse, and drew from it the money to pay the landlady.

"You'll have another glass, Mr. Melton?" said she. "I will be at the loss of the stuff."

"There's your money, ma'am," he replied sullenly. "Nought shall I drink in this house to night;" and giving us a parting scowl, he stalked moodily out.

An impulse, which was certainly not attraction, had prompted me to observe young Melton with such minuteness, that I could have sworn not only to his very unprepossessing features, but to every article he wore.

This little incident somewhat disturbed our social equanimity; but when Miss Mary had relieved herself by calling Melton contemptuously, "an uncouth bear," which Farmer Jenkins supplemented by "I say, more like a hoat," we felt a little more comfortable.

"And now we are settled again, doctor," said I, "perhaps you will kindly favor us with the story."

The doctor then began:—

"You must know," he said, "that Squire Ellingthorpe married some five-and-twenty years ago, and in about a year a son was born to him, at the sacrifice, however, of his wife's life. Mrs. Ellingthorpe's death gave her husband great and lasting grief; and as he was too much devoted to her memory to find it possible to fill her place, all his hopes and affections centred in the boy, who grew and throve apace. At the usual age he was sent to Eton, and thence to Oxford, which he left a very fine looking young man. I remember his return home, and the feverish excitement and anxiety of his father, who came to the station to meet him, at his not arriving by the train which his note of intimation had indicated. I dare say you remember it too, Mr. Beames?" he said.

"Indeed I do, sir," replied the station-master; "he paced the platform like a madman."

"Just so," said the doctor. "Later in the day the young fellow arrived and with him, to the squire's manifest disgust, a young cornet in the Lancers, the Hon. George Vane, son of Lord Dorset. He was a regular scapegrace, up to every kind of absurdity which the squire thought most undignified and irritating, and finding but too apt a pupil in Reginald, whom he led into all sorts of racket and foolery. But in spite of his recklessness, young Ellingthorpe was very popular, for he was open-hearted and free-handed; generous to a fault, indeed, and the very opposite of the squire in affability and good fellowship."

Here the doctor paused.

"And then Mr. Reginald was so handsome!" said Miss Brown, aside, to me.

"I am coming to the melancholy part of my story," resumed Dr. Walesby, gravely, "which I will tell as briefly as may be. While Reginald was here with George Vane, he was foolish enough to fall in love with the village belle, a very fine girl, sister to young Melton, who was here just now, and somewhat resembled him in her scornful disposition, but very pretty, and consequently a coquette. When Reginald left Oxford the intimacy was renewed, and it was rumored that he had privately married her. There is no doubt he had promised to do so, and that she relied on his word, till the news came that he was engaged to Sir Ranulph Digby's only child, the greatest heiress in the county, and very lovely to boot. Squire Ellingthorpe himself had made the match, to put an end to what he called his son's 'disgraceful connection' with the farmer's daughter, which, of course, had come to his knowledge; and Reginald's boyish passion—he was then only one and twenty, remember—was not proof against his father's strong will and the dazzling prospect opened to him.

"At length the wedding day arrived—the 3rd of December, four years ago—and all was joyous excitement, both at the Court and Hillgrey Grange. It was a cold, frosty morning just such weather as this. Reginald was to proceed with his father to the Grange, to join the bridal procession. The young man, in gay spirits, left home about eight o'clock to go to the Vicarage, two fields distant, and adjoining the churchyard, to call for our then rector, Mr. Gray, who was to 'assist' in performing the ceremony.

"As the church clock struck nine, Mr. Ellingthorpe's carriage drove up to the Vicarage gate; but, to everybody's astonishment, Reginald had not been seen there, though Mr. Gray was anxiously expecting him, according to promise. The squire was thunderstruck at receiving this intelligence but ordered the coachman to drive on, taking Mr. Gray with him, supposing that Reginald had indulged the whim of walking on to the Grange. There, however the same news awaited them—young Ellingthorpe had not been heard of. Anxiously and nervously was his arrival looked for; but ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and no bridegroom arrived. Messengers was dispatched in all directions in search of him, but he was not to be found. A messenger came to you to know if he had left Coneywarren by train, did he not, Mr. Beames?"

"Yes, doctor," he replied. "and I well remember my surprise at such a question on such a day."

"A missing murdered man," resumed Dr. Walesby, "is generally much nearer than expected, and so it proved in this case. About three o'clock the corpse was found—where should you imagine? In a ditch, within a stone's throw of the vicarage! The young man had evidently been waylaid by his assassin while crossing the fields from the Court to Mr. Gray's, for his body was found in the ditch on the field side of the vicarage garden hedge. The body presented a ghastly appearance, the poor fellow having been strangled. Strange to say, the murdered man grasped in one hand the end of a scarlet handkerchief, which had probably been worn by his murderer. This fragment about three inches square, is the only clue to the perpetrator of the crime. I made the post-mortem examination, and found that the immediate cause of death was a violent blow on the back of the head, apparently given with a knobbed stick or bludgeon. An inquest was held—the verdict you can guess—and warrants were issued to apprehend the murderer or murderers; a reward was also offered by Government, which was doubled by the squire—but all to no purpose; the assassin, if alive, being still at large."

The doctor paused again.

"Who has the scarlet fragment?" I inquired, earnestly.

"Mr. Ellingthorpe," replied the doctor. "He carefully guards it, hoping some day to use it and identify the criminal. He was

terribly shaken, and has never been the same man since. Well, the corpse was buried in the family vault in the churchyard on the tenth of December, and that very night the young man's ghost was seen to walk, and will do so, 'tis said by the learned in such matters, every anniversary, until the murder be avenged.

"There, sir," said the doctor, "you have the whole story just as the events happened—known, of course, to all here except yourself. But stay, I had forgotten to mention that both Jessie Melton and her new-born infant died on the night of the murder."

"A most melancholy narrative," I said. "Can you, however, enlighten me on one point? Were young Ellingthrope's pockets rifled, or his watch stolen? Because if not, it was, in my opinion, an act of revenge."

"No, his money and watch were untouched," he replied "The jury gave it as their opinion that the assassin had been disturbed by some one's approach, had thrown the body in the ditch, and decamped."

I thanked the doctor for his story.

"You all firmly believe, then, that the ghost will be seen to-night?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr Beames.

"And where," I inquired, "does his ghostship perambulate?"

"In the churchyard," replied Mrs. Owles; "he will appear exactly at twelve o'clock."

"Very good," I responded. "I purpose, gentlemen, to seek out this perturbed spirits and if, as I shrewdly suspect, it proves of a mundane character, a denizen of this sublunary sphere, I will, with Farmer Jenkins' permission, administer a sound thrashing with his ash stick."

Every member of the company seemed aghast at my valiant and confident speech; Farmer Jenkins actually dropped his pipe with a smash.

"Oh yes," added the doctor; "and we'll all go with you and show you the way—eh, gentlemen?"

Each one replied in the affirmative, with the exception of Farmer Jenkins, who declared that he would go too, but that he was too stout to pass through the lower churchyard gate, which the others confirmed as a fact.

Putting on our overcoats, we sallied forth. It was a clear, frosty, starlight night, the moon shining splendidly; but it was utterly cold.

When we reached the churchyard, Mr. Birch said. "I'll first show you the young squire's grave." I acquiesced, and we went on, till we reached a tomb, railed in; and by the light of the moon I could distinctly read the inscription cut thereon in deep black letters.

Having watched my companions pass out of the churchyard, after promising to return for me at one o'clock, I entered the porch, sat down on the stone bench, and commenced my chilling, ghostly watch.

CHAPTER III.

THE GHOST—WHO WAS HE?

As the last echo of the cheerful voices of my late escort died away on the chilly night air, I could not, in spite of the suspicion and curiosity which had urged me on, help reflecting what a simpleton I must appear.

I looked out on the numerous graves, the head-stones of which, silvered by the moonlight, appeared of ghostly whiteness; as I did so, the church clock chimed half past eleven.

"In half an hour, then," thought I, "this ghost will appear; and if it be the man I suspect, woe betide him; for no mercy shall be obtained from me!"

Pondering over the doctor's melancholy narrative, I gradually relapsed into unconsciousness, in which I had the following vision:—

It was early morning, bright and clear. I imagined myself in an avenue, terminating in an iron five-barred gate, painted blue. In the distance, crossing the fields, and whistling gaily as he went, was a tall, fine looking young man. As he reached the stile nearest to me, he was met by another, in the dress of a farmer. For some moments they conversed excitedly; then the farmer seized the other by the throat. For a short time they struggled vigorously, the young man whom I had first observed seeming to gain the advantage over his opponent. The face of the latter was familiar to me, though I vainly strove to remember where I had seen it before. The young man, by a desperate effort, managed to clutch the throat of his adversary; but I noticed that he did not grasp the flesh, but a red handkerchief, when the farmer raised a stick he carried, and struck his opponent a savage blow on the head with it. The unhappy victim fell, and remained immovable.

The farmer looked aghast at his own work, and, stooping down, felt the pulse of his foe. I saw by the sudden change and pallor of his countenance and his wild gesture of despair, that he was overwhelmed by the consequences of his own mad passion. Suddenly he looked round, evidently listening, then dragged the corpse to a ditch close by, and pushed it in. Seizing his stick he prepared to make off, when with a superhuman effort I broke the spell under which I had breathlessly watched the conflict, and bounding over the gate, vociferated "murderer!"

I awoke. In the excitement of my dream I had fallen forward, and measured my length on the cold stone floor of the porch.

Just as I had regained my scattered senses and reseated myself, a tall, black figure glided past, with noiseless step, in the direction of the gate. For a second or two I could scarcely assure myself that I was not still dreaming.

With a booming sound, like a death knell, the church clock struck twelve. The last stroke fully aroused me, and hastily remembering that orthodox ghosts always dress in white, I ventured cautiously forth, and went on till I could distinctly see the Ellingthorpe vault.

What was my astonishment then to behold a man wrapped in a black cloak, bareheaded, kneeling by the rails, sobbing and groaning in evident anguish.

Good heavens, did my eyes deceive me? I strained them in amazement, scarcely crediting my senses. Half prostrate by the tomb, paler than ever, with clasped outstretched hands, was Squire Ellingthorpe. I held my breath and watched, though I would fain not have been a witness of his woe.

"Thus," thought I, "ends all my prospects of ghost catching."

But I resolved on speaking to Mr. Ellingthorpe as he returned; so I crept noiselessly back, and with a bound regained the shelter of the porch.

How clearly this incident revealed the old squire's character!—too proud to evince affection or parade regret, phlegmatic, undemonstrative to all around; but still cherishing, and in secret indulging the most profound grief for his lost son, whom he had regarded with the love and pride which none but a father can feel for an only child.

The moon was rapidly waning, the shadows deepened, and I began to fear that I should miss Mr. Ellingthorpe. I therefore leant against the side of the porch, to arrest his steps as he approached, which he presently did at so rapid a pace that he appeared literally to glide along the path. I hailed him. The sound of my voice, however, only seemed to quicken his steps. Observing this, I followed, and said loudly, "Mr. Ellingthorpe!"

The enunciation of his name had the desired effect. He stopped and turned abruptly.

"I shall be glad," said I, "to have a minute's conversation with you, Mr. Ellingthorpe."

"Certainly," he said, with broken tones, and still too much under the influence of recent emotion to resume the haughty and repellant manner of the morning; "and may I ask the reason of your being here at such an hour?"

"If you will step with me into the porch, to prevent our being seen and interrupted, I will explain my presence here," I replied.

We entered and sat down, and I gave a brief summary of the doctor's story, the relation of which I saw affected him much. As I concluded, he said hurriedly:

"And you saw me at my son's grave?"

"I did," said I; "and my surprise was great. The person I expected to find here, was, I have every reason to believe, your son's murderer!"

"What!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, bending forward and catching my wrist.

"His murderer!" I repeated.

"And how!" he cried, "can you—you, a perfect stranger—have discovered the murderer, whom I have been four long weary years vainly endeavoring to trace?"

"An incident occurred to night," said I, "which, combined with others, will, I think, render it possible for me to bring the miscreant to justice. You possess the only means whereby his guilt can be proved. You have the scarlet fragment, found in the dead man's hand?"

"I have," he replied; "it has never been out of my possession. I thought that some day it would prove instrumental in identifying the criminal."

"It is almost the only clue," said I. "Bring it to me at the inn to-morrow morning, and I will unfold to you my designs. The greatest secrecy must be maintained, or we shall put the murderer on his guard."

"Many, many thanks!" he cried, pressing my hand fervently. "At ten to-morrow morning I will be with you. I may rely upon your secrecy as to the supposed ghost?" he added, with a sort of melancholy smile.

"Distinctly," I replied. "Make haste, walk fast, and close the gate as quietly as you can."

But I don't think he heard my parting admonition, so swiftly did he disappear.

I looked out and saw a party of men approaching the church with a lantern. I went to meet them, as I heard the doctor's voice.

"Well, old fellow!" he cried heartily, "what cheer? Almost frozen to death, eh?"

I was overwhelmed with greetings and questions.

"Come, sir, relate your adventures," said Dr Walesby. "You promised to catch and kill his ghostship; and you must have done so, as you present yourself before us with an uncracked skull."

"Really, gentlemen," said I, having shaken hands once or twice all round, "you are too hard upon me. You must excuse my silence till we get in doors and have supped. I confess I am anxious to greet Mrs. Meadows' fire; for this place, you must understand, is not an oven."

"A man of sense," returned the doctor. "I am proud to know you. Come, gentlemen, quick march!"

Then, lantern in hand, the worthy man, at a brisk pace, headed the party.

Arrived at the inn, we had to encounter such a cross-fire of inquiries from Mrs. Meadows, Miss Mary, Farmer Jenkins, and the rest, that I was glad to beat a retreat into the bar parlor, where supper awaited me. When there, I took Mr. Walesby aside.

"Can't you make up some story to satisfy these people?" I whispered. "To-morrow I will tell you all that has taken place."

"Leave it to me," he returned.

It would be of so little interest to describe minutely how the doctor and I pacified the curiosity of the others, that I will merely say, we, without any sacrifice of truth, satisfied them all, and the party broke up at a very late, or rather very early hour, with mutual expressions of regard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DENOUEMENT.

NEXT morning I anxiously awaited Mr. Ellingthorpe's arrival, and punctually as the clock struck ten the squire was announced.

"I have carefully considered," said he, "what you told me last night—indeed I have not slept since I saw you—and here is the Scarlet Fragment," he added, drawing out a Russia leather pocket-book, and producing therefrom, carefully wrapped in paper, the precious relic. "This," he continued, in a voice betraying deep emotion, "is the only clue to the murder of my son."

I took the morsel of red stuff in my hand and examined it. My suspicions were confirmed.

"Mr. Ellingthorpe," I said, "you will remember your son's unfortunate attachment to Jessie Melton, and her lamentable death?"

"Yes, yes—too well," he replied, hastily. "But what has that to do with the matter?"

"Everything," said I. "Did it never occur to you that your son's murder was an act of revenge, rather than that of a disturbed thief?"

"It may have crossed my mind," he replied; "his pockets, too, were unrifled. But he had no enemy to seek his life—none that I ever heard of."

"You prevented the only atonement your son could have made to Jessie Melton by planning his marriage with Miss Digby," said I. "Well, the ruined and deserted creature had a brother!"

"Good Heaven! I see it all!" he shouted. "Fool, madman that I was never to have done so before! Blood for blood!" he cried. And he rushed to the door, and would at once have quitted the house in his blind frenzy for revenge, had I not forcibly restrained him.

"Mr. Ellingthorpe," I urged, "do nothing rashly. Hear me out. You don't yet possess the means of bringing this murder home to its perpetrator, and the greatest caution must be exercised, or he will destroy our only proof," I said, pointing to the scarlet fragment that lay on the table.

"You speak truly," he replied, striving to control himself; "we must be very careful. Pray proceed."

I then told him of Henry Melton's visit to the inn on the previous night; his agitation when young Ellingthorpe's murder was mentioned, and my noticing that he wore a scarlet handkerchief twisted round his neck as a scarf, which came unfastened as he stooped to pick up the broken tumbler, and betrayed the torn end.

"That handkerchief," I concluded, "must be obtained somehow or other, and joined to the fragment here. With this convincing proof we must have him apprehended, and I do not think there can be any doubt as to the verdict."

I need not detail how, link by link, the chain of evidence was made complete against the criminal; suffice it, that on a search-warrant being granted, Melton's farm was ransacked, the handkerchief discovered, and found to correspond to a thread with the fragment in the squire's possession; that Henry Melton on his arrest, staggered by the proofs of his guilt, confessed that he had really murdered young Ellingthorpe exactly as I had seen in my dream; that on his return home on the morning of the murder he disclosed his crime to his hapless sister, thus occasioning her untimely death; that he had preserved the handkerchief by that strange fatality which so often seems to lead criminals to prepare the way, as it were, for their own detection, but had never worn it since the murder till he hurriedly put it on in the twilight of the evening on which I saw him—himself unaware of what he had done till he came into the brightly lit bar; and that, pleading guilty on his trial, he was sentenced to death.

The wonder lasted its nine days, and Mr. Ellingthorpe, having shut up the Court, left his estate in the hands of his bailiff, and quitted Coneywarren for the Continent. The name of Henry Melton was hardly remembered, save, of course, on the memorable tenth of December, when each anniversary recalled and still recalls the story to the gossips of the Ellingthorpe Arms bar.

I need not say that the ghost was never seen again; which confirmed the theory held by the wiseacres of the parish, that he would betray unrest only until the murdered man was avenged.

SEA SLANG.

THE rapid spread of education amongst the section of the nation from which sailors are most largely drawn has done much towards obliterating the special peculiarities of diction by which they were once distinguished, but much of their ancient phraseology still remains. In the matter of personalities, for example, a considerable number of epithets still retain their currency in nautical circles. Thus, a man whose face has been deeply pitted by the small-pox always receives the appellation of "rough;" and when a sailor speaks of "Rough Smith," or "Rough Jones," it is to be understood that the results of small-pox, rather than any peculiarity of manner or behavior, is signified. So, too, a curly-headed shipmate is always addressed and alluded to as "Curly," a red-headed one as "Ginger," and a negro or colored one of whatever shade as "Darkey." Nothing in the slightest degree opprobrious is intended to be conveyed by these appellations, and no one with whose name they are connected would think of resenting them.

Owing possibly to the vast increase of the use of iron in ship-building, the ship's carpenter is now seldom or never spoken of as 'Chips," but the boatswain is still talked of as "Pipes." The assistant to the ship's steward in men-of-war—the man who has special charge of the provisions for the crew—is always known as "Jack in the Dust," frequently abbreviated into "Dusty," an epithet of which the origin is to be found in the small cloud of dust raised by him in his daily duty of issuing to the different messes the ration biscuit, or "bread," as sailors always call it.

The chief of police, or master-at-arms, is familiarly alluded to as "Johndy," an evident shortening and corruption of the French term gens d'armes. A cook's mate is 'Slushy," a mizen-top man, chosen from amongst the youngest hands on board, in allusion to his tender age is a "Lamb," or a "Lammy;" whilst a lower-deck sweeper is entitled "Shakings," a name more exactly given to the shreds of rope and yarn which it is his duty to pick up and rescue from the dust-bin or tub.

Nautical etiquette requires that in friendly conversation allusions to the administration of justice afloat should be made with a certain circumlocution, or should be veiled by expressions not immediately intelligible to the uninitiated in the mysteries of a sea-life. An offender brought up for summary trial is said to be "taken where the boot shines," or to be "planked" or to be at "Shadwell." Minor punishments are still supposed to be included in the generic term "black list" though the expression is dying out. The cell in which hardened offenders are occasionally confined is always the "chokey;" and the now rarely used cat-o'-nine-tails, and each dozen lashes inflicted by it, are never called by any other name than "bag," without either definite or indefinite article. Sailors still give to the different substances of which their food is composed a variety of names, not perhaps known elsewhere than on board ship. An early meal of cocoa and biscuit is, for some reason which it is not easy to discover, always spoken of as "optional." Leavened bread much more commonly eaten by seaman than formerly, is "soft bread," or "soft tack." A dish of odds-and-ends of fresh beef is "skewer o';" and pease-pudding is "dog's body." Pudding of any other kind still retains its ancient nautical name of "duff." A man's allowance of grog is his "navy," and the measure in which his share is given to him in his mess is a "tot." Names of other table utensils, such as "kids," "pannikins," and "monkeys," are fast becoming obsolete. If soup be somewhat deficient in strength, it is said to have "a good deal of the fore-hold about it;" the forehold being the place in which the water for drinking is stored. The roaches, which will occasionally defy the efforts of the cook, and get into the dishes he is preparing, are called "galley-pepper." When some article of food is running short there is "a southerly wind" in the receptacle in which it is kept.

The annual allowances to the Khedive and members of his family amount in all to $1,800,000. The Khedive's own share of this amount is $500,000, and the Princess mother's portion is $250,000. The remainder is divided between thirteen members of the royal household in sums ranging from $125,000 to $25,000.

An earthen bowl, filled with rice and fish, with four lighted candles stuck into it and the whole surmounted by a calf's head, was found on the stoop of a New Orleans house. Somebody had undertaken to put the inmates under a Voudoo spell.

The Russian army is tormented by black house flys.

MY SWEETHEART.

BY C. H. S.

She's a radiant little sunbeam,
Brighter than a fairy's dream,
Or an haste'n fairy dream,
Is my sweetheart
Sweeter than the breath of roses,
Or the dew which Flora reposes,
Where the folding petal closes,
Is my sweetheart.

She's a tender little flower
Blooming in this earthly bower
Shedding fragrance hour by hour,
Is my sweetheart;
Dearer dearer far is she
Than the pearls in yonder sea,
Dearer than all else to me
Is my sweetheart.

She's a peerless little queen,
Reigning in my heart supreme
Filling it with joy serene,
Is my sweetheart
If a shadow e'er doth stray
It is quickly chased away
"She's my heaven my light, my day,"
Is my sweetheart.

That Tidy.

BY W. H. H.

SHE was very pretty. She was very sweet. She was just the dear little armful that a man likes to take to his heart. And she was very dear to me; but I had made up my mind that I would never tell her so.

A richer, graver, younger man than I would win her heart.

It was not likely that she could fancy a grave man of thirty five.

Love in a cottage—a very small cottage, with a very small income to keep it up on—would scarcely present attractions for her with such a companion, when there was Horace Walpole Smith at her feet, and rich young Bently Gadmore, with all the Bently as well as all the Gadmore property coming to him, ready to offer wealth, if wit did not win the goal.

I was William Hunter nobody, and I felt that I must take nobody's place.

But now and then I could not refuse myself the pleasure of sitting beside her, of talking to her, of walking with her.

I was so far gone in love with her that these indulgences could not hurt me, and I was happier at the time than at others, and I knew it was nothing to her.

So after I had stayed away from Holm Cottage a day or two I always found my way there again.

Holm Cottage was the house where she lived with her grandmother, old Madame Holm between whom and myself existed a relationship, which, though a very distant one, was the cause of some likeness between us.

Partly on this account she liked me, and would not have been angry had I offered a lover's attentions to my far away cousin, Lydia.

I sometimes thought that she would have been rather pleased than otherwise, but she was not Lydia.

Nevertheless, when she was alone it was pleasant to go over to her house, and sit beside her, and talk to her about Lydia.

She sat in a large Turkish chair clad in a straight and economically cut black silk.

On her head a Valenciennes cap with long tabs, protected from the roughness of the chair cushions by one of those contrivances which women love and which men hate—a tidy.

This one was Valenciennes, and had a blue ribbon run in just above the border.

It was too fine to bear pinning and consequently it was my frequent task to pick it up and hang it over the chair.

I often longed to cast it out of the window—it was so much my detestation.

Prescience was not mine at that time.

I never guessed how much I should owe to that Valenciennes tidy before I died.

I had suffered all the pangs of unhappy love—and they are very real, I assure you—when at last something happened that made me decide to leave the place at once, and let my eyes no longer feast on fruit that hung far beyond my reach to pluck.

Walking down a certain pleasant lane between my home and that of Madame Holm, I saw Lydia walking with Horace Walpole Smith.

He was talking very earnestly to her, and she answered in a shy, confused manner, and then he kissed her.

Human nature got the better of me for a few moments, and I would have taken the greatest pleasure in kicking Horace Walpole.

How hideous he looked to me.

How beautiful she was!

They were going to some little party, and she wore on her head a little red hood that became her wondrously.

It had a puffed crown and a plaited cap, and red ribbons tied it under the chin.

How black her hair looked against it.

Her full eyes shone like great jewels under her long curling lashes.

Horace was yellow, gaunt, and sharp of face.

"Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf," said I.

And that did me some good.

But now I was sure that all was settled between them. I resolved to leave the country the very next day! and that night, since Madame Holm would be alone, I would go to her and tell her my intention.

Later I walked over to the cottage, and as I was permitted sociable egress and ingress through the long French windows, entered the parlor that way.

The room was dark, but a light gleamed on the floor above.

Madame was up there I knew, for the floor shook under her heavy tread.

I saw that her chair was empty, and for the first time in my life I sat down in it.

As I did so, that horrible Valenciennes tidy dropped upon my head.

My face was turned toward a glass.

In it by a beam of moonlight from without, I saw that the accident had suddenly caused me to bear an almost uncanny resemblance to Madame Holm.

My profile was hers exactly.

The light was too dim to show the complexion.

My black clothes set scarcely closer to me than did hers, and we were almost of a size.

As the ends of the tidy fell on my shoulders I saw Madame in her cap.

The sight arrested my attention.

I sat still looking at it, and at that instant a step crossed the sill, a little figure in a hood entered, advanced, and seated itself at my side.

Lydia—no one else.

"You didn't expect me home so early, did you, grandma?" she said. "But something happened that made it too unpleasant to stay. Would you believe it—on the way Horace Walpole Smith proposed."

"And you accepted him, and let him kiss you," said I.

"Why, grandma," cried Lydia, not undeceived by my voice, "I accept him! Dear me, of course not. I hate him. But he asked me if he might kiss me for the only time—and I had to let him, you know. And I felt sorry, but he thinks so much of himself, and lectures one in private, and he's so ugly."

"Like a wolf," said I.

"Ever so like," said Lydia. "What a dreadful person to kiss whenever he chose to ask one all one's life."

It was mean of me, but I took advantage of the situation.

"And you like Bently Gadmore better?" said I.

"Well, grandma," said Lydia, "better isn't best, you know. Bently is generous, but he is such a fool! I don't care anything for poor Bently, and all his money can't buy me!"

"And who do you like best?" said I.

"Grandma," said Lydia, solemnly," if I tell you, will you promise never, never, never to tell?"

"I swear," said I.

"But earnest, honest, grandma, for I should die of shame if you did," said Lydia. "You see I like best someone who doesn't like me more than the least little bit. He never makes love to me like the rest do. I know by that, and sometimes I even cry about it at night up in my own room. Oh, I wouldn't let anyone but you know for my life! It's—it's William Hunter."

"What?" said I. "Say it again."

"William Hunter, grandma dear," said the poor child, nestling close to me. "So I shall never marry any of these people that want me, you see. I shall be an old maid. I've made up my mind to that."

"A poor man with an ugly face and a bald head," said I.

"What a description!" said she. "It's the dearest face, and I think a little bald spot is perfectly charming; but then I mustn't be silly. He is nothing to me but—but the best you know."

"And don't you know he loves you, Lydia?" said I.

"Grandma!" cried she.

"Better than his life," said I.

"Why, grandma—why—did he say so, grandma?"

"Kiss me dear, and I'll tell you," said I.

Then little Red Riding Hood put her lips up to mine and I drew her to my heart, and she screamed—

"Oh grandma!"

At that moment down the stairs came madame with the candle, and poor, trembling little Red Riding Hood saw who held her to his heart.

She vowed never, never never to forgive me at first, but I knew those vows would never be kept.

"It was not my fault; it was yours," said I. "The Valenciennes tidy did it all. Blessed Valenciennes tidy!"

The other day I saw her kiss that old tidy, laid away for years in a drawer with lavender and rose leaves.

"We have been so happy all this while, dear Will," said she, "and you said it was that tidy."

AN old farmer in England hugely puzzled by our meteorological reports and transatlantic reports concerning the weather, is said to have delivered himself of the following astounding sentiment: "Well, sir, I do not mind the weather so much when it was arranged and ordered by Providence; but now that it has been handed over to them interfering Yankees, why, be hanged if I can stand it."

The Old Mill.

BY A. L. S.

IT was a pleasant spot in summer time, when the woods were green around it, with the pond like a sheet of polished silver, and the water flying in showers of spray over the huge, slowly-turning wheels, but in winter, when the trees were bare, and the snow lay piled in drifts upon the ground a dreary, desolate place was the mill of Auvergne.

Yet here, for more than twenty years, old Antoine Gaudet and his wife had lived alone, until when, about five years before little Jeannette, the carpenter's daughter, had first come to the mill, and the miller's wife taking a fancy to the little bright eyed maiden, she at last came to make it her home.

She was about ten years old, a remarkably pretty child of her age at that time. Now, at fifteen, she was so fair to look upon that all the young men for miles around were ready to lay down their lives for her, and the old women would raise their hands and say:

"Ah! she is too beautiful. She is like the images of the Holy Virgin in the chapel there below."

It is no wonder, then, that when the miller's only nephew, Paul, who was studying for a physician in the college at Paris, came to the mill to spend his summer vacation, he fell madly and deeply in love with her at once.

The girl returned his affection, and many were the day dreams and plans of future happiness the two indulged together, but the arrangement did not suit the miller's ambitious views.

In the course of his long and frugal life he had managed to lay by a considerable sum of money, besides which he owned the mill and several hundred acres of land surrounding it.

Paul was an orphan, and it was the great dream of the miller's life that he should rise from the ranks of the peasantry in which he had been born to that of the noblesse.

This, however, could not be accomplished, so the miller argued, by marrying the daughter of a carpenter and the result was that Paul was somewhat unceremoniously packed off to a distant town under pretence of studying more assiduously for the autumn examination, and Jeannette was left alone to mourn his absence.

She was not long in discovering that a change had come over the relations between herself and the miller and his wife.

This fretted the girl to such an extent that had it not been for the thought of the many mouths to feed at home, she would have left the house at once.

This knowledge restrained her, but it made her position none the less unhappy, and it was only the thought that Paul still loved her that enabled her to go about her duties with a cheerful and contented expression.

There was not wanting, however, busy tongues to gossip of the altered relations between the miller and his wife and Jeannette, and at last the story came to her father's ears.

He was a man much about the average standard of French provincial artizans and he had lived for several years in Paris, where he had been a member of a Socialist club, and entertained all the natural and cultivated antagonism of labor to capital, and when the news was told him he flew into a furious passion, and informed his daughter that she must leave the Gaudets at once.

Old Antoine and his wife were sorry to lose the girl, but, after all, the fact of her leaving was to a certain extent a relief.

She went home to tell her father that she would leave the miller on the following day, but he had not arrived home, and she returned to the mill, taking a path across the fields. The path led through the trees by the edge of the pond and so she entered it she heard the sound of voices and approaching footsteps.

She drew herself into the shadow of the trees until they passed. They were three men, two of whom were unknown to her, but she could hardly believe her eyes when in the third she recognized her father.

Though she could see none of their faces, she knew him at once by the blue blouse he always wore while at work, and which had a long narrow patch of lighter colored material on the back. They each carried a bundle in their arms, and were walking rapidly.

She was about to show herself and speak to him, but checked the impulse, and as soon as they had passed, hurried on again until she reached the miller's house.

She was surprised to find the garden gate unfastened, and still more at the house door being ajar.

But judge of her horror on entering to find both the miller and his wife lying dead upon the floor.

A horrible dread flashed quickly across her mind.

Her father's wild threats of that very morning came back to her with terrible significance, coupled with the fact of his not returning home, and she having seen him with his unknown companions hurrying away from the very scene of the murder, and she turned and ran once more across the fields towards her own home.

When she reached the house she found her father had returned home.

He was without his hat and blouse, and his face had a look as if he had been drinking heavily.

Almost frantic with her fears and suspicions the girl sank at his feet.

"Father, father!" she moaned, "oh, tell me you did not do it!"

"What do you mean, child?" he asked, wonderingly. "What can have agitated you so?"

"Oh father—the mill—Monsieur Gaudet and his wife are murdered! and, God forgive me, I thought you had done it."

"Murdered! at the mill!" he echoed, "and have you told any one of it, and what you thought?"

"No, father. I have spoken to no one since. I ran as fast as I could home at once."

"Then be careful, and mention your foolish suspicions to no one," he answered. "But we must give the alarm at once."

When he had done so, and the whole community in a body rushed to the mill house, they found that the miller and his wife had been dead more than an hour, both killed by a blow on the head from a heavy weapon.

Robbery did not seem to have been the object of the crime, for although the old oak bureau where the miller kept his money had been broken open, very few articles were missing.

The evidence at the inquest at first seemed to point to the carpenter as the author of the deed.

More than one witness had heard him make use of threats, but there was really no proof against him.

When questioned as to where he had been at the time of the murder, his story was very simple.

He admitted having, in his anger at the slight he imagined had been put upon his daughter, made use of language which half an hour later he regretted.

In the evening when his day's work was over, he had gone to a wine shop, where he had sat on a bench outside the door, and drinking too much absinthe, had become slightly intoxicated, and fallen sound asleep.

When he awoke he found his hat and blouse, which he had laid beside him, had been stolen, and that it was then past eight o'clock.

He had risen at once and returned home, only to learn from his daughter of the tragedy at the mill.

This story seemed straightforward enough, and he would have been acquitted at once had not two additional proofs been brought forward against him.

One was the discovery in the mill garden of a mallet covered with blood and marked with his name.

The other was the testimony of a witness who swore he saw the carpenter, in company with two other men, enter the mill house about the hour at which everything went to show the crime had been committed.

On this additional testimony being brought forward, he was at once sent to prison to await his more formal trial.

The same day the nephew, Paul, as the only living relative and heir of the murdered couple, arrived, and at once sought Jeannette, and tried to console her.

"It is evident," Paul said, "that the assassin is the same man who stole your father a blouse while he was asleep. When he is found, your father's innocence is established at once, and there need no longer be any obstacle to our happiness. Be of good cheer, darling, for right must prevail."

In less than half an hour afterwards he was on his way to the nearest town, where he had a long interview with the commissary of the police, who at once sent his agents to find the whereabouts of the man with the patched blouse, and his two companions.

So successful were their efforts that by the following night news arrived of their capture.

They had been found thirty miles distant, among the tents of a gipsy tribe of which they were members.

With the curious persistence of most criminals in retaining evidences of their guilt, the man whose mistaken identity had nearly cost an innocent life still wore the stolen blouse, while nearly all the money and articles stolen from the mill were found secreted in one of the tents.

The carpenter was released, and in less than a month the assassins paid the penalty of their crime.

The old mill is a dreary, desolate place no longer.

It is the home of Dr. Paul and his still young and blooming wife, and on summer evenings, from its open windows, the merry sound of children's laughter strikes pleasantly on the ears of passers by."

Lord Elcho said lately in the House of Commons that he did not believe that British troops had ever fought so physically brave a race as the Zulus.

Our Young Folks.

THE AMBITIOUS SPIDER.

BY M. C.

THE earth was fair and golden as a dream, for sunshine rioted everywhere, and all young things rejoiced, as if life were one long glad holiday. Only one little spider was unhappy. He was no thing of beauty; nobody was his friend, all the world were his enemies; no one needed him, no one wanted him; all his family had a bad name. It all swept over him that fair May morning when to live was such a joy to all other living things and nothing as it seemed to him a poor ugly spider.

"Yes I am ugly," he moaned. "I have a bad name and I never shall get on in life and win a better one, although I long to do something useful and noble and grand, like the rest of the world—something for the general good!"

"Eh, who is that talking of being ugly?" It was a toad which spoke peering wisely out of a flowerpot which lay close by.

"Me, Mr Toad"—you see, we cannot expect spiders to understand anything of grammar—"I am a useless, bad named do nothing."

"Well, I never did agree with people giving themselves bad names—the world will do that fast enough. They say I am ugly, but then I don't believe it. I am sure my eye is a perfect gem of beauty, and I know the gardeners like to see me in their gardens."

And the toad laughed a knowing laugh.

"But they say I do harm," moaned the spider.

"So they say of me. They say I poison folks. Ha, ha! that's a good joke! poison them, indeed!"

"They say I'm spiteful and bite, and that my bite kills sometimes. But who wouldn't bite and snap, poked about as I and my family are?"

"Cheep cheep, cheep! how do you do?" chirped a robin. "I help to keep the spiders in order—

"If it wasn't for the robin and the knowing little wren,
The long-legged grisly spider would overcome all men."

"'Tis a lie!" shrieked the spider, stung to the quick by the taunt.

"I heard you say something about biting," spoke a cockroach, halting in his morning walk to listen. "I know a better way than biting when ill-used."

"What?" The spider opened his bright, eager eyes now, and rose from the dust.

"I breathe a very unpleasant smell wherever I go that teases people more than a bite—something the same as evil speaking does among men. I only give a sly bite or two in self defence."

"Shame, Mrs Cockroach to give such advice!" said a little ant, creeping along and overhearing the talk. "I am for helping the world and making it better, and even you can teach it something."

"Oh, but I am so ugly, and have such a bad name," sighed the spider.

"Go with your ugliness; the lesson will be just as beautiful. Beauty of work is better than beauty of form."

The ant made a homely bow and plodded on its way; the cockroach had long since crawled on its course; the toad hid away from the sun; and the poor little spider was left alone, with all the glad sounds of summer life wooing him to the right and the true.

The tiny creature crept away into a barn near, as we can suppose that other spider of Scottish history did, and pondered and mused till by and by the night came on, and the world slept. A homeless wanderer lay slumbering and sleeping just below where the small insect was perched, he wondered if that could be some king whom he was to encourage to fight another battle. A feeling of awe crept over him, his heart throbbed with a longing to do what he could. But no, not a king he decided as the hours glided on, then came thick smoke, burning and flame, and still the man, who was no king, slumbered and slept.

Down on the sleeper's face he dropped—he never knew why. Something prompted him; it may have been the wish to do good—he never knew. But the next morning he heard the man say to the owner of the barn,

"'Twere a spider done it, master. If he hadn't woke me when he did, the whole lot would have been burnt down."

So the spider did a good turn for the farmer, and saved his barn, and, taking courage therefrom, felt that, with his ugliness and his bad name, he could be of use, and looked right and left for more work.

Winter came, and he crept into the house. Up, up always up he seemed to be mounting, and at last he found himself in the sick room of little Nina.

He climbed into a sunny window and began to weave, while two little languid eyes watched the tiny thing, now breaking his thread, now joining it, now going on with a right good will.

Watching thus the child's weary tossings to and fro ceased, and she slept.

When she awoke, they hoped with glad surprise that she was better, and again she lay, smiling and watching the spider.

"See that spider, mamma!"

There was a ring of pleasure in the weak little voice. The spider had been weaving for days, but only Nina had noticed it, so anxious had they all been about the little girl herself.

"Dear me! let me poke him down," said mamma.

"No, mamma, don't; it makes me better to watch him," pleaded the child; "he's so pretty and so hard-working. I should like to be a spider."

"Pretty and hard-working!" The little weaver's heart throbbed with joy as he listened.

"Yes, spiders are hard working little fellows, dear; but let me poke this one down," replied mamma.

"No, mamma, he makes me better," was the child's plea. So mamma let him stay; and by and by she and Nina called him "Dr Spider," because he made the little sick thing laugh and grow cheerful, and with cheerfulness came strength.

But by and by a day rolled round—frost and snow, with biting winds, were abroad out of doors—when Nina was carried down stairs, and Anne, the servant, came to air and dust the room.

Poor little Dr. Spider in the window! poor, eager eyed, tiny worker, with such a future of usefulness stretching out, as bright and golden as a spider's future could be!

Anne saw him, knew nothing of his healing powers, nothing of what he had done for Nina; she only saw him as a long legged, grizzy spider, and she crushed but did not kill him.

Just then Nina's mamma came into the room.

"Oh, Anne! what have you done? Killed poor little Dr. Spider!" So she said, and crossed over to the window where he lay. "Why, I do believe he has done more for Nina than all our nursing and the doctor's medicine together, for we never could get her to smile till he came. And now he's dead!"

A tear dripped down upon his small mangled body; it thrilled him through and through. He panted, his heart gave a great leap of gladness, it burst, and he was dead!

That human tear of sorrow at his loss had crowned his life and made his death a glory.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE room in which Shakspeare was born is of course the most interesting place in Stratford on Avon. In this low-ceiled, dingy, heavily raftered room, in the upper story of the partially restored Shakspeare cottage on Henry street, one may indulge in veneration. Underneath this bedroom there was a butcher's shop, before the partial restoration of the cottage took place. The tens of thousands of pilgrims who have climbed the narrow stairs to the upper room have inscribed their names on the blackened walls. The guide pointed out to me a signature, "W. Scott," written clumsily enough on one of the panes of a window, and on the ceiling, which the tall old humorist could so readily have kissed if he chose, was pencilled "Wm. M. Thackeray," in the very neatest of script. The old guide, who was extremely obliging, hunted me out some more names of celebrities, and on one of the jambs of the fireplace we discovered "Vestris." Shades of a past generation of dancers! do ye also come to spend a meditative hour in the room where Shakspeare was born?

The old ladies who show the Shakspeare house and the museum are veritable enthusiasts, and between their stereotyped phrases manage to convey to the visitor no small amount of information gracefully told, which they have accumulated during a lifetime of patient study. It grieves them to the heart that in the museum there is not a single specimen of the poet's handwriting. Shakspeare was prodigal of his script; what has become of it all? Of family records there is no lack; there is even the curious wooden casket in which the poet's will was found. There is the mask of his face taken after death. One looks at it in vain in search of confirmation of his views concerning the authenticity of this or that portrait; death has done his work well. Washington Irving's famous lines, written at Stratford, are framed and hung in this museum. The bits of furniture of the time when Shakspeare lived, the rings, the articles of apparel, the books, the hundred trifles, help us to restore some faint image of the period.

A novel idea, and one which may be easily copied by ladies who have taste, is to have a parasol covered with flowers. These are only meant to accompany jardiniere dresses; a very light frame is used covered with silk or some light material; on this very fine French leaves of any description are sewn, and wherever the parasol is used flowers to match the costume are set on in a garland, as a fringe or in tiny bunches. Natural flowers should be used if it is possible.

Cerebgalions.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

MY TROUBLE.

BY T. A. E.

Two puzzlers once of merit rare
Commenced to run, (they were in fun)
A Puzzle Column in the Post—
Of it my friends I fain would boast.
For "Cerebrations" made me stare
When first I saw its columns fair.

Oh! how the wondrous structure grew—
My mind was crossed, I almost lost
My senses in the trying race,
So reckless was the puzzle pace.
I ran with puzzlers tried and true,
I sought for things I never knew!

"Bel Hazard" with a Diamond great,
"O. Possum" with Acrostic here I lost
My way; oh! gracious how I felt!
In fact my friends I thought I'd melt.
Then "Linkinwater" had a great
Rhomboid for me to penetrate.

But "Linkinwater had to go
Like all the rest, (oh! what a pest)
And then "Micawber" next I tried,
But really thought I should have died.
How's "Wilkins!" Thank you, just so, so—
And his Charades? Why it's no go.

And so at last I laid it by
I understood it was no good.
Two weeks—yes three—in fact not yet,
Could I an answer ever get.
Till one fine day I heaved a sigh
And thought I'd put the Column by.

But others have much better done
Oh! Woe is me! (As you can see.)
"Gil Blas" is of the lucky few,
And "Quips" I find another too,
Too much for me my race is run—
In truth, my friends, I am undone.

Before I leave you I entreat
Pray let me say (if yet I may)
I wish you all successful search;
May Mr Tory on your bumpers perch;
And when you get the "List Complete,"
'Twill make "Micawber" smile quite sweet.

ANSWERS.

No. 230. HONESTY.

No. 231.

H
M A D
M A N E D
M I N U T E S
M A N I F E S T O
M A N U F A C T O R Y
D E T E C T I V E
D E S T I N E
S T O V E
O M E
Y

No. 232. PALACE.

No. 233.

S
C U R
T O P E S
T E M P L E T
C O M P R I S E D
S U P P R E S S I O N
R E L I S H I N G
S E S S I L E
T E I N E
D O G
N

No. 234. BILL HOOK.

No. 235.

L
B A M
R A P E S
R E V I L E R S
B A S I L I C A N
L A P I L L A T I O N
M E D I A T I N G
S E C T I S T
S A I N T
N O G
N

No. 236. PARALLELOGRAMMATIC.

No. 237.

P
P A R
M A L E S
M O L E S T S
P A L E S T R I C
P A L E S T R I C A L
R E S T R I V E S
S T R I V E S
S I C E S
C A N
E

No. 238. AROMA.

No. 239.

P
D O M
S O R E S
S E C E D E S
D O C T R I N A L
F O R E S E C I T E D
M E D I C A T E D
S E N I T E S
R A T E S
L E D
E

No. 240. ROSE-MARY

No. 241.

R
L E M
D A C E S
D E C A D E S
L A C O N I C A L
R E C A N T A T I O N
M E D I A T I N G
S E C T I S T
S A I N T
L O G
E

No. 231. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 11 letters is a bird.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is a heath.
The 5, 6, 7 is a small horse.
The 8, 9, 10, 11, is a fish.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 232. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSS.—1. A messenger. 2. Labor. 3. A river in Asia. 4. A grandson of Jacob. 5. Began. 6. A river in Asia. 7. A termination, signifying jurisdiction. 8. A town in Cabeen Tartary. 9. Chief. 10. Corroded. 11. A river in Belgium.

PRIMALS:—Express.

CENTRALS.—The quality of being worthy of homage. (Ha e.)

FINALS:—Those who kill their masters.

Rondout, N. Y. BERRETTA.

No. 233. CHARADE.

FIRST is an animal known right well;
SECOND the name of a fish will tell;
The WHOLE you'll find is a kind of knife
Which surgeons use for saving life.

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 234. DIAMOND.

1. In "Traddle." 2. A tree. 3. An insect. 4. A small book. 5. A fish. 6. A whip. 7. In "Sir Coo." "

Quarryville, N. Y. G. O. MATRICAL.

No. 235. CROSSWORD.

In chain but not in link,
In sigh but not in wink,
In rain but not in snow,
In come but not in go,
In art but not in skill,
In dig but not in till,
In odd but not in queer,
A Western City's here.

Clearmont, Tenn. G. W. D. B.

No. 236. SQUARE.

1. A town in Asia Minor. 2. A kettle drum. 3. A desert. 4. The girdle of a Jewish priest. 5. A material of silk and worsted. 6. Bordered by a leafy expansion.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLENY.

No. 237. LOGOGRIPH.

Confused the whole will ever be,
Curtail, to traffic you will see;
Curtail, transpose, exposure see;
Behead, transpose, a claim display;
Delete, transpose, to storm portray;
Transpose and ornament reveal;
Behead, an organ (not your heel;
Delete, reverse, a music peal;
Behead and last is in a meal.

Decatur, Ala. BOU CON.

No. 238. HALF SQUARE.

1. A genus of bivalves. 2. Jagged. 3. Guardianships. 4. Sprouts. 5. Characterized by melody. 6. An old woman. 7. Long periods of time. 8. An animal. 9. In the compass box. 10. A letter.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 239. CHARADE.

A countryman came into town,
The city sights to see.
Upon his brow he wore a frown
From which he fain would flee.
A man he raised, sharp as a LAST,
Said "now I'll try my game,
He's green as grass to BEGIN first class,
First Mr What's-y-ur name?"
"I'm not so green, don't MISLEAD me
To WHOLE me you intend
You played it once but you shall see
I am wiser now my friend."

New York City. JAPPY.

No. 240. HOUR GLASS.

1. Wheedling. 2. Imperfect proof. 3. Lost. 4. A noted female singer. 5. A verb. 6. A letter. 7. A drink. 8. To prove. 9. A vessel. 10. Secret. 11. One who admits.

DIAGONALS:—A scribbler and the supreme power of a State.

CENTRALS:—A part.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 241. ANAGRAMS.

(Prominent Englishmen.)

1. A red drew lines.
2. Hint! A speaker, all-wise.
3. Nary sonnet God.

Philadelphia, Pa. ICICLE.

No. 242. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A plant. 3. Political clubs. 4. Having a flower cluster. 5. Pertaining to instruction. 6. Certain fertilizers. 7. Plated. 8. A councilor. 9. A measure. 10. Name. 11. A letter.

Columbus, Ohio. THE GENERAL.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of June 7th were solved by Capt. Cuttle, Asian, A. Solver, Hal Hazard, Nic O'Demus, Comet, J. C. M., Little Red, Peggotty, O. Possum, Randolph, El Fen, Drab Poquier, Bon Con.

COMPLETE LISTS:—Capt. Cuttle, Asian, A. Solver.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Capt. Cuttle,	Pedalia, Mo.
2. Asian,	Baltimore, Md.
3. A. Solver,	Kenton, Ohio.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. C. M.—Diamond Cross. Egma Charade and Diamond. O. C. O. La.—Cryptograph and Anagram.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. L. C. R.—We notice with pleasure that you are doing better in the SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The January number shows great improvement, especially in the appearance of the Answers. You should however use Dictionaries and Gazetteers.

MAGDALENA.—This is what GIL BLAS thinks about widows:

Were a widow to fool around me,
With her simperings artful and vain;
To amuse I would tell her to go,
That's were a blunt way
But if she were skilled for talent and beauty
To wed her in haste I'd consider my duty.

J. C. M.—Our motto, "Solvi." (Jesse Quill), by accepting the latter words for his motto in the San Francisco Post has sent away "some of California's best girls," but it will be all right if Fancy Work will go, you bail to "to keep the peace for one year."

EGMA.—You are a phrenomatic kind of a poser we think, but will stand by you as long as there is nothing else to do.

A CHARADE.—Send it on to us. We will CHARYBDIS you all around among the "floral" and show you the elephant.

O. C. O. LA.—You are a "TRIPPLE" too are too are you? It looks as if the first gun knocked your pins from a corner.

MODERN SPHINX.—

The SPHINX improves with Number Two
Which pleases us as well as you,
And [illegible] should be a pen
To keep our Paper low and then.
If they do we hope to see
Perfection reached in Number Three.

YESTERDAY.

BY J. H. ROCKS.

Old Time doth ever onward fly,
While golden moments pass us by;
The Spring returns, the roses bloom,
Then Autumn comes, and Winter's gloom;
Yet none can linger, none can stay,
With fading, fleeting yesterday.

We build our hopes, we lay our schemes,
And pass the time in pleasant dreams;
But soon the hour of night comes on,
The sun hath set, the day is gone;
We cannot linger, cannot stay;
To day must pass like yesterday.

The world around seems bright and fair,
When building castles in the air;
But soon they fade on every hand,
Like letters traced upon the sand;
And then we turn upon life's way,
To memory making yesterday.

The present is our time, alone—
The time that we can call our own;
To morrow never comes, 'tis said;
The past likes buried with the dead,
And life is doom'd to pass away,
Like fading, fleeting yesterday.

PERVERTED INGENUITY.

IT has often been remarked that the amount of ingenuity applied to unworthy purposes might, if directed to honest pursuits, be rewarded with prosperity and happiness, instead of so often reaping a harvest of detection and disgrace. Continual disclosures of fraud seem to have but little effect in acting as a warning to imprudence, or in bringing about further public safeguards against repetitions of this form of dishonesty. A person goes for instance, into a shop and orders goods to be forwarded to a certain address—that of a respectable householder. The things are sent there and left; and in due course somebody calls at the house, saying that he has come from the shop for the parcel, as it had been left in mistake. The parcel is delivered up to the supposed shopkeeper's messenger, who of course decamps with it and is never heard of again.

Another deception was the feathered cheat of a certain bird fancier before it was found out. In his window was exhibited a cage containing two birds, one an ordinary greenfinch with such plumage as Nature had been pleased to endow it; the other, also a member of the same family of birds, but as pretentious a humbug as its fellow was the reverse. On the head of the unconscious bird was a snowy top-knot, while plumes of brilliant colors branched out from among the ordinary feathers of the tail, gine having unquestionably something to do with the appearance of its borrowed plumes. Yet this palpable burlesque of a tropical bird was palmed off on numerous unsuspecting persons by the vendor, who pretending ignorance of its name and value, trumped up some story about a nautical friend of his having brought it home from "foreign parts." Appearing indifferent to its supposed rarity, and not caring to be bothered with the unknown specimen, in a sudden fit of generosity he parts with it to the purchaser for the absurd consideration of a sum ten times its real value.

It is not often that what is known as "shoplifting" brings much ingenuity to the fore, yet there are sometimes rather remarkable exceptions. One of these may be instanced in the female shop lifter not long since arrested for committing robberies from drapery establishments in a somewhat singular manner. When setting out for her predatory expeditions she wore large flat shoes, and had the toe-part of her stockings cut off to form a sort of mitten; and being very dexterous with her toes for prehensory uses, she was able to pick up articles from the floor and secrete them in her slipper. In looking over some pieces of lace in a shop, she had, while the assistant's attention was directed elsewhere, dropped one or two and adroitly secreted them as described.

Another is this: A man accompanied apparently by his wife and daughter enters a shop in which the articles lie about a little carelessly, and the gentleman at once goes up to the head assistant behind the counter and makes a confidential communication. "I must warn you," he says, "that my wife is afflicted with kleptomania. It is so good as to watch her, but not to say anything to her which might make her think you have any suspicions." The elder lady is consequently watched with great care, all the shop being on the alert. Some article is pilfered in due course—the theft noticed; and the gentleman on going out quietly and promptly pays for what has been taken. While the shopkeeper is congratulating himself on the honesty of the husband the trio are making off with a valuable booty secured by the younger lady. In case the disappearance of the articles really stolen should be perceived a little too soon, and the party followed by the indignant shopkeepers, nothing is easier than to express regret and surprise that there should have been other mistakes, and to return the articles with profuse apologies.

The burglarious fraternity in following out their profession of house-breaking sometimes give evidence of an amount of ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A burglar concealed under the bed of a married couple, by some incautious movement almost betrayed his presence, the noise he made being sufficient to make the wife call her husband's attention to the sound. "It's only one of the dogs," was the sleepy answer, and snapping his fingers, he called by name one of his favorites supposed to be present. The thief's presence of mind did not desert him, though on the brink of discovery; for divining the situation at once, he immediately licked the extended hand, in the hope of confirming the gentleman's surmise. This clever ruse was not, however, successful, though one might say it deserved to be for its boldness and ingenuity.

When Moore Carew, the "king of the beggars," among his numberless impostures had a well pepper'd raw beefsteak placed round his leg to simulate disease, he only used one of many clever dodges to impose on the charitable. Fever has been imitated by swallowing tobacco, the tongue whitened by chalk, and the cheeks heated by rubbing. The appearance of ulcers is obtained by gluing a bit of spleen or the skin of a frog to the parts supposed to be affected, and keeping them moist with blood and water. They are created by the use of corrosives, and their healing prevented by the application of irritants. Pricking the gums to show actual spitting of blood, eating rough-powdered glass to produce internal hemorrhage, making soap pills for epileptic frothing at the mouth, feigning insanity, and lying rigid to simulate catalepsy, are all tricks familiar to prison officials. Even doctors may sometimes be deceived by impostors who display so much ingenuity in the art of deception. Those who gorge shell-fish for the sake of getting nettle rash, who put lime in their eyes to inflame them, and even thrust a needle down to the lens of the eye to get a cataract, furnish a few of the forms of imposition resorted to at times either to evade punishment or escape military service. Such deceptions are known to have been kept up through fearful ordeals of torture with an obstinate firmness worthy of a better cause. Much ingenuity has been shown by prisoners in communicating with each other despite all the vigilance of the prison authorities. Notes have been passed about in a mysterious manner that has quite baffled every precaution, and communication has been carried on among prisoners by opening and shutting the mouth as if in speaking yet allowing no sound to escape: a system of silent conversation that is well understood among them.

The methods resorted to for evading the law are very numerous, and the devices of smugglers for concealing contraband articles are something specially ingenious. One of the most amusing of these attempts to defraud the revenue was exposed by some vigilant French authorities. The heavy duties on spirits made the smuggling sisterhood (most of the smuggling nowadays is by women) doubly eager to bring into Paris an extra quantity of the precious liquors, and this they accomplished in an ingenious manner—namely by wearing full bodied zinc corsets which could easily contain four or five gallons of brandy. For a time the trick succeeded admirably; but at length the officers began to be suspicious of the unusual embonpoint, which contrasted oddly in some of the ladies with their inadequate necks and faces; so a staff of female searchers was enrolled, and the cheat discovered.

It is not long since unhappy little poodles were systematically employed in smuggling foreign lace into France, by being passed to and fro across the frontier with two curly coats and a layer of the fragile commodity between them. More recently pigeons have been employed for the purpose of taking attention from consignments of tobacco, over which sat the innocent-looking birds, while the Custom-house officers were in quest of contraband goods, concealed in the double bottomed boxes in which the birds came over from the continent.

Grains of Gold.

We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe unless it is mixed with a little adversity.

To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the deeds of men.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

Measure Christianity by its teachings, and not the short sighted, selfish practices of a few unworthy followers.

Rash words are scarcely more dangerous, and are generally much less unwholesome, than capricious silence.

In talking everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any other portion of the company.

Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

The same earth produces health-bearing and deadly plants—and oftimes the rose grows nearest to the nettle.

Young man learn to wait. If you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will have your labor for your pains.

He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic, out-of-the-way corner heart.

Look at the pages of your own heart, and you will see a dim reflection of what the recording angel has written about you.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Jars concealed are half reconciled; while, as generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

We often choose a friend for no particular excellence in themselves, but merely from some circumstance that flatters our self-love.

Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

Society is like a glass of ale—the dregs go to the bottom, the froth and scum to the surface, and the substance, or the better portion, remains about the centre.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cob webs and ends in chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by seeming to think them so. If we appear fully sensible of their good qualities, they will not complain of the want of them in us.

Don't start in life without an aim. Point at something and go straight for it. If you live an aimless life you will never amount to anything and will waste whatever of talent and energy you possess.

The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this: The friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view, is to dwell upon the brightest sights in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.

Christianity has carried civilization along with it, whithersoever it has gone; and, as if to show that the latter does not depend on physical causes, some of the countries the most civilized in the days of Augustus are now in a state of hopeless barbarism.

Our trials vary with our years, and though we deem, too often rightly that suffering and disappointment are but barren thorns, whereon grows neither fruit nor flower, it is our sin that they are so, for they are designed to bear an excellent harvest.

Femininities.

Captain Paul Boyton intends to get married and settle down on dry land.

Bangles with the lover's knot on the back of the arm are popular novelties.

Sign near Central Park—"Fresh eggs for sale, laid every day by Mrs. Cooley."

A brute of a man says you can tell a woman suffragist by the size of her foot.

No woman even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely.

Statisticians affirm that countries raising most onions have the fewest marriages.

The Princess Louise has been salmon fishing and caught a twenty-eight pounder.

A novelty and luxury is the perfumed glove; the odor is made delicate and lasting.

It has been stated that Massachusetts married over 8 000 bachelors last year and only 163 old maids.

A widower advertises in the West for a wife, and says he is "not particular as to quality or quantity."

John Powers, of Reading, Pa., and his sister tip the beam at 1,000 pounds, and both enjoy good health.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it resorts to signs and glances.

There are 20 000 unmarried women living in Philadelphia, which confirms the report that the city is one of brotherly love.

In the olden time Jacob served seven years for each of his wives. Some bigamists now-a-days serve only eight years for nine of them.

It is a fact fully understood by railroad men that the lines having the most long tunnels on the route secure the bulk of the bridal tour trade.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give to a man is to ask his friendship, and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

A young girl recently appeared at an English fancy dress ball in the character of 'Grace Darling," and carried a lantern and life preserver.

Owing to the fashion of using ruches as trimmings, tarlatan is used again for the dresses of very young ladies; it is always used with silk slips.

The Scientific American pays a tribute to woman in saying that a larger proportion of inventions patented by the gentler sex prove useful and profitable than those of men.

Black kid gloves with from six to twelve buttons, with a monogram or device embroidered either in gold or color to match the dress, is considered the thing for ceremonial toilets.

Parisian women are wearing their hair in flat bands, puffing slightly near the ears, and arrange their back hair in two braids, fastened high on the head with a tortoise shell comb.

When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach; to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

It is a Virginia woman who has the courage to say that women are more apt to be influenced by money than men are, and therefore are more likely to marry for wealth than men are.

A factory girl at Waterville, Me., has a wonderful head of hair, its length being six feet three inches. When she allows it to fall unrestrained upon the floor it exceeds her height by eleven inches.

A damsel applied for a place behind the counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

Mrs Susan Gifford, of Swansea, Mass., 80 years old, has resided on the homestead whereon she was born all her long life. She was never in the cars but once, and never had to pay but fifteen cents for medicine.

"The funeral was elegant," wrote the waiting-maid of a lady, whose husband had just been buried, to her sweet-heart; "I was dressed in black silk, the flowers were lovely, and mistress wept just like a born angel."

At a costume ball given in London the other day one of the most admired dresses was that worn by a young lady who chose to array herself as an orphan from the foundling hospital, and wore brown serge and white linen.

It is announced at Ottawa that "Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, has consented to become patroness of the association of ladies for the purpose of encouraging the immigration of a superior class of girls and women from Europe."

A correspondent, writing from Rome says: "American women are acknowledged to be, even here, the most beautiful and the best dressed women in the world, just as American men are beginning to be known as the most polite in the world. I heard an English lady say the other day, 'An American is an English gentleman perfected.'"

Some one (married, of course) remarks upon the strangeness of the fact that, while a woman takes to it intuitively, very few men have the slightest idea how to hold a baby. Quite true; and it is even more extraordinary, when you come to think about it, that even fewer men ever want to learn.

Comfort, Silence and Patience were the names of a brother and two sisters in a New England village. A gentleman called to see Comfort. His sire said: "He is not at home, but if you will sit down with Patience, and wait with Silence, Comfort will come soon." Silence died the other day at the age of eighty.

A distinguished leader of Russian society—Madame Korsakoff—died recently at Nice. Her passion was for fancy dress balls. At one given at the French Ministry of Marine some years back she appeared as the Queen of Sheba; she was literally covered with precious stones, and made her entry on a camel gorgeous with colored trappings!

It may be a good sign to see a woman in a neat, clean, calico dress, with a snow white apron, every morning, but don't gamble on her being an angel until you slip around some night and see if her husband isn't hunting for a handkerchief which she is positive is in the left-hand corner of the upper bureau drawer, but which in reality is in the wash.

Facetiæ.

Pleasing husbandry—Planting kisses.

The oldest verse in existence—The universe.

The latest thing out—A fashionable young lady in the morning.

When is coffee like the earth?—When it is ground.

The thermometers have all graduated and taken very high degrees.

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A sore throat.

A Canada band practices in an old grave yard. Dead marches are the favorite selections.

The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight and was severely beaten.

Nothing will make a bald headed man so mad as a fly that doesn't know when he has had enough.

"The child is father to the man." Not invariably; we have known it to be mother of the woman.

Many men resemble the clam, for you can see all there is in them when they open wide their mouth.

A teacher in the West advertises that he will open a Sunday-School twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantel-piece, right agin the pla-tering."

You may talk about Communists, but the person who chiefly desires that the ruler be done away is the school boy.

This is the time of the year at which the sentimental lover names a row-boat after his girl, and has it painted green.

There is a firm in Elgin, Ill., by the name of "Gray & Lunt." Half the letters come to them directed to "Lay & Grunt."

A profound writer says: "We are created especially for one another." Then why blame the cannibals for wanting their share?

The number of flies that are chewed up annually by careless tea drinkers, who mistake them for tea-leaves, is beyond all earthly computation.

If you are over-anxious to know why the elephant wears a trunk, irritate him sufficiently, and you will discover that he carries his choler in it.

"The reason why I got my ears boxed," said Johnny, "was 'cause when mother said a neighbor had borrowed a hen of her I said the Lent-hen season had arrived."

"Mother is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

A doctor's little boy, aged six, thinks God must have a good deal of confidence in his father, or He wouldn't entrust him with so many babies to distribute.

An auctioneer was endeavoring to sell a fowling-piece, and failing to get a bid a bystander who had read the papers said, "blow in the muzzle and it will go off."

A Sunday-school teacher the other day had some remarks about "the fire that never shall be quenched." "What, never?" asked the class in chorus. But he didn't tremble.

Little six year old was obliged to take a dose of medicine that left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. When asked how he liked it he said, "It is good enough, all but the end of it."

Tastes differ, and always will. The men who engage in a professional walking-match, swimming match or base-ball match would not be seen anywhere in the vicinity of a working match.

A man asked admission to a show for half price, as he had but one eye. But the manager told him it would take him twice as long to see the show as it would anybody else, and charged him double.

"And her whispers filled my pulses with the fulness of the spring," were the words he uttered as he sprung for the front door when she whispered in his ear that papa was about to appear upon the scene.

In France, when the cook finds a bad egg she lays it aside for the scrub girl, and when the scrub girl can't eat the batter she turns it over to the gardener. This gradation has made France prosperous. Nothing is ever wasted.

The principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said: "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid beneath her tongue and said: "Leally, guls, I'm surprised!"

Have you any objects of interest in the vicinity?" the Jerseyman asked the city man. "I have, I have," eagerly replied the other, "but I can't get it to show it to you. It's a ninety days note and it's down in the bank now, drawing interest like a race horse or a mustard plaster." The Jerseyman smiled as though an angel had kissed him. But it didn't.

This is the time at which the small boy knocks a picket off the fence to utilize as a base ball bat. Two hours later a goat meanders through the aperture and regales himself on tulips, and mignonette, and currant bushes. One hour after this Angelina goes out with a watering pot. These three events combined cause more domestic circus in ten minutes than can be adequately described in an hour.

Law Court reform is somewhat needed in India, if we are to credit a correspondent, who, commenting on the administration of justice there, states he once had occasion to go to a court of justice as a witness. He found the magistrate sitting cross-legged, smoking a pipe, picking his teeth awhile, and hearing three cases simultaneously. And as there was no Bible to be found on the premises, he had to be sworn on a dictionary.

A SEASONABLE AND TRUSTY FAMILY REMEDY.—Asiatic Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Sea Sickness, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults at this season of the year are cured at once by Dr Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach and bowels, and being pleasant to the taste is an acceptable remedy to the youngest in the family.

New Publications.

The popular Handy Volume Series of Appleton is increased by a little volume entitled "Geier Wally," a tale of the Tyrol, by Wilhelmine Von Hillern. It is a wierd and vivid picture of Tyrolese life, and one of the most interesting of their German translations. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price 30 cents.

The American News Co., publish a Summer Guide to Central Europe, by L. C. Loomis. It embraces the most important portions of England, Scotland, France, Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy, with maps. It opens with excellent advice as to one's preparations for traveling, luggage frauds, and hints on foreign customs, etc., and each route is accompanied with a short railway guide, time and distance, with useful hints on all subjects in sight seeing and traveling. It is thoroughly practical, and explicit in detail, and should find a ready sale among Americans going abroad.

The Leonard Scott reprint of Blackwood's Magazine for June contains Part III of Beata or What's in a Name; No. VI of the series on Contemporary Literature is devoted to French Novels; the conclusion of John Caldigate; The Destruction of Szegedin, with Personal Notes; The Death of Major Wigram Battye; Bank Failures and their Remedies; The Duke of Argyll's Motion, and the index to volume CXXV. For sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

The Musical Folio for July contains a portrait of E. H. Bailey and a variety of interesting dramatic and musical miscellany. The musical contents are My Little Wife Grows Old, song and chorus, music by D. H. Hennessy, words by Arthur W. French; Dream Song, from the opera Fatinitza; Romeo Grand March, by Charles D. Blake; Fatinitza March; The Hour of Prayer, a contralto solo by C. C. Stearns. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

The leading article in the "North American Review" for July is entitled Our Success in Paris in 1878, by Hon. C. B. McCormick, United States Commissioner General at the recent French Exposition. The paper is devoted to an account of our products as represented in the Exhibition, and of the American awards made by the several juries. A Russian Nihilist contributes a second paper under the title of The Revolution in Russia. This essay, while in a large measure occupied with the history of the Russian Nihilists, deals also with their programme, which the author enunciates with an unmistakable, not to say startling, precision and boldness. Thomas Hughes presents next the second and concluding portion of his article on The Public Schools of England. The ground taken by the writer is the feasibility of naturalizing the English school system in America. He predicts the influence which the development of a gentry in this country must have in creating schools which, like those in England, shall have a social grade. The fourth paper is by General O. O. Howard and aims to tell The True Story of the Wallowa Campaign. It is a reply to the article in the April number entitled An Indian's View of Indian Affairs. Immediately following is a contribution from the pen of Dr. George M. Beard, devoted to The Psychology of Spiritism. The peculiar methods of spiritualism, the modes of judging it, and the reasons why America has fostered it, are a few of the important topics discussed by the author. The causes that lead intelligent and even highly educated men occasionally to fall victims to the delusion are also given. The next article is the conclusion of Mrs Harriet B. Stowe's article on The Education of Freedmen. The issue concludes with a characteristic article from the pen of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, entitled Recent Essays, in which the late works of the Right Hon Mr. Gladstone, Matthew Arnold and Abraham Hayward are reviewed.

The contents of the July number of Potter's American Monthly begin with an interesting description of The Great Wabash, the Pioneer Railway of the West, by A. A. Graham, with profuse illustrations. This is followed by a story called Seven Hundred and Seventy five, by E. B Ellison. Where, a poem, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith. In a Nutshell, a story by Frances E. Wadleigh. American Song Composers is devoted to Harrison Millard. John Milton, by Mary Tilden. One of Life's Waltzes. Across the Plains in '69, by N. N. Hill, Jr. Sonnet, by Dr. La Motte. How to Dispose of a Rival, by Alvin Oaksmith. A Glimpse of Society Life in Dickens, by Egbert L. Bangs. Cherry Blooms, by Leigh North. Aunt Hannah's Chickens, by Penpennis. The Morning Star, by George B. Griffith. Home and Society Literature, Art, Science and Mechanics, etc.

San Antonio is rapidly becoming the great wool market of Texas. Last year nearly three million pounds were sold there, and this year the sales will nearly double. One man has already bought 1,000 000 pounds for Northern manufacturers and is still buying.

A telegraph operator at Phillipsburg, Pa., protects his cherry tree from the depredations of the small boy by running a number of wires over it in connection with the battery in his office. When the small boy touches one of them he drops to the ground and runs off howling.

In Persia no book can be published which is not approved and sealed by the government censor. It happens that the seal is under the control of a woman, the mother of the censor, who is a bigoted Mohammedan and very bitter at Christianity. Hence the great difficulty in getting Christian books printed and circulated.

At a late meeting of the Juridical Society in St. Petersburg it was shown from official data that from 14 000 to 15 000 poor wretches are annually drafted off into the northeastern parts of the Empire, and that therefore in many districts the number of convicted exiles far exceeds that of the ordinary population and is a great drawback to the prosperity of the latter. The smaller towns of Siberia, in particular, are overflowing with their outcasts from European Russia. The society came to the conclusion, not that such excessive banishment should be restricted, but that a great number of prisons ought to be built as soon as possible to accommodate the banished.

What a Clergyman Says

Rev. L. Peirce, of Sparta, Ga., father of Bishop Peirce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South says. "I do most honestly and earnestly recommend this 'Oxygen Treatment' to all persons laboring under any suffering from cold, cough, etc., and for all signs or symptoms causing fear of Consumption. Send for our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Phila., Pa.

News Notes.

Newspaper reporters are not allowed to see criminals hanged in England.

Playing dominoes for the beer leads to arrest and unpleasant consequences in London.

Senator Hills runs smelting works in Colorado which yield an income of $1,000,000 per year.

An Indiana farmer shot into his smoke house at a supposed thief, and killed his uncle.

In France it is not considered proper to display young marriageable girls at weddings.

A fierce bull-dog at Meriden, Conn., tried to fight his reflection in a mirror at a cost of $200 to his owner.

In Boone county, Ark., farmers and merchants are abandoning their regular vocations to hunt for silver.

Ex Senator George S. Boutwell has more than one thousand peach trees growing on his farm in Groton, Mass.

Senator Jerome C. Chaffee, of Colorado, is worth about $5 000 000. He is a native of Niagara county, New York.

Miss Emily Von Shaumberg, a Philadelphia belle, is dividing honors with Mrs. Langtry in London society just now.

Glass is all the rage in Vienna for hats, feathers, cuffs, collars and dresses. A well-dressed person is the glass of fashion.

M. de Lesseps remarked the other day that ground would be broken for the Isthmus of Panama canal on New Year's Day next.

Mr. Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, N. Y., claims to own the largest orchard in the world. It contains over $1,000 trees of various kinds.

The ex Empress Eugenie has been in a semi-conscious condition ever since the sad intelligence of her son's death was received.

General Walker, who is to superintend the United States census of 1880, estimates that the population will be between 46,000,000 and 47,000 000.

Henry Page set out to preach Mormonism in Georgia. He had made about 100 converts, and taken six wives, when he was arrested for bigamy.

Every Russian subject is required to take out a passport each year. The prescribed cost of a passport is about $3, but, in fact, it costs twice that.

A mob tied a man to a post at Solon, Ohio, and used him as a target to throw eggs at. Each hit in the face was rewarded with a drink of whisky.

Two little negro boys at Paris, Ky., were given a pistol by their mother, who told them to go out and amuse themselves. They did, and one was killed.

An English clergyman who kept cows and accommodated some of his parishioners with fresh milk was recently fined for not being registered as a dealer.

A man was recently sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, in London, for stealing a piece of paper valued at 1s., and of no value to anybody but the owner.

The Boston School Committee has ordered that the pupils of the public schools—with the exception of the graduating classes—shall not study at home during July.

It is somewhat strange that Prince Louis Napoleon, alone, out of all the scions of a family made great and famous by war, should have fallen by a hostile hand in the field.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of American meat was recently seized and destroyed at Smithfield Market. It was spoiled in consequence of a delay of ten days in shipping.

The Prince of Wales has consented to lend to the corporation of Glasgow, Scotland, his Indian presents, valued at $2 500 000. They will be exhibited gratuitously five days in the week.

Mrs. Hayes has such a cheerful, sunny disposition that a correspondent says: "One might talk with her forever and hear only pleasant things—she sees the bright side of everything."

Of a grand total of 94 842 men in the British army 62 870 belong to the Church of England, 20 872 are Roman Catholic, 7,125 Presbyterians, and 3,975 are Protestants of other denominations.

An English trade circular complains that the cotton mills of Russia are running day and night, and have consumed fifty per cent. more of the staple this year than during the same period last year.

Charles Dickens' beloved home—the dream of his youth, the delight of his prime—Gad's Hill Place, is now for sale. He bought it for $9 000, but improved it so much that it will now bring five times that sum.

James Gordon Bennett has crossed the Atlantic more frequently than any other newspaper proprietor on record, and next to him stands George Jones, of the New York *Times*, who has made twenty-seven ocean voyages.

It is said that the milk from Alpine dairy farms differs from other good milk merely because it contains a high percentage of sugar of milk and because it possesses a peculiar flavor, derived from the aromatic plants on which the animals feed.

Last year not a pound of cream of tartar was imported. A few years ago millions of pounds came annually from England and France. Manufacturers of home now supply all that the country needs, and prices are 30 per cent. lower than formerly.

Adelina Patti, it appears has lost some of her upper notes, but on the other hand she has gained immensely in dramatic power. Her voice is lowered, but she will become undoubtedly, one of the greatest dramatic opera singers Europe has ever seen.

The Empress of Germany, at the celebration of her golden wedding, wore a dress and train of gold color, with a tiara and necklace of brilliants. Queen Victoria sent to the imperial pair a gift of a magnificent majolica plateau about twenty-four inches in diameter.

At Peersborough, England, an old man named House was walking in his garden when a bee went down his throat, stung him internally, causing great pain. He swallowed a quantity of ammonia, but took too large a dose and died.

A man died in Ireland last year aged 106, who left a daughter 15 years old.

Many persons in England have been poisoned by licking postage stamps.

Mrs. Hayes has a Siamese cat which was sent to her by an admirer in Asia.

People of Halifax, Nova Scotia, are crying for a reduction of city expenses.

The Cornish mines have been worked for 1,000 years, and are entirely exhausted.

Mosby, ex-Confederate, is said to look like the ideal portraits of Brother Jonathan.

In Texas there are over 30 000 white children over eight years of age who cannot read.

A very serious drought is killing out the crops between the San Antonio and the Rio Grande.

Mr. Spurgeon says he is the happiest man in England. There is nothing on earth that he wanted that he has not got.

Joseph Jefferson made his first appearance on the stage when fourteen years of age, and nearly fainted from fright.

Solovieff, who attempted to assassinate the Czar, was hung in a white dress which enveloped him from head to foot.

There are nineteen hotels at Narragansett Pier, and a large number of cottages, which rent for from $300 to $1,000 for the season.

The Moffett bell-punch and a dog tax are the methods proposed in Georgia to raise money for the support of public schools.

Queen Victoria now talks of going to Germany to see the little stranger whose appearance has made her a great-grandmother.

During the last year the Gospel was preached in one thousand towns and cities in China where it had not been previously heard.

There is a rosebush in New Haven, Conn., which has upon it, according to a pretty accurate estimate, ten thousand buds and blossoms.

Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, has given up his palace and retired to the suburbs, owing to the hard times, effecting an annual saving of $10,000.

The Emperor William rises early, takes a cup of coffee and a roll at seven o'clock in the morning, and a glass of champagne at luncheon.

A lot of American corsets shipped to Mexico were supposed to be a new kind of saddle, and they were returned as not giving satisfaction.

Parts of the Bible have been translated into 200 languages, yet in only 58 languages are there complete translations from Genesis to Revelation.

The Texas Legislature has passed an act requiring all commercial travellers representing houses out of the State to pay a special tax of $200 each.

It was an Indiana man who first originated the idea of soaking the feet of his horse in kerosene every night, so that he might be tracked if stolen.

A five-year-old Bridgeport, (Conn.) boy recently shot a cat with a revolver, his three-year-old brother holding the animal in his arms for the purpose.

At the commencement at Vassar it was announced that Matthew and John G. Vassar had given $10 000 for a new chemical and philosophical laboratory.

A new way of suicide is reported. A Russian peasant poured kerosene over himself, then lit a match and set himself on fire—he blazed like a torch.

George Wood, one of the British commanders in the Zulu war, has never undressed nor had his boots off, save for his bath, since the 10th of January last.

A New Haven child's father eloped with another man's wife, and its mother eloped with another woman's husband. The little one goes to the poorhouse.

The news of the approaching marriage of King Alfonso with the Archduchess Christina, of Austria, is confirmed. The wedding will take place in October or November.

Ice water is perfectly harmless and more refreshing with a little Hop Bitters in each draught.

The Czar has approved the scheme of reducing military service in Russia from six years to three, and, if the military authorities approve it, it will shortly be carried out.

The English Factories act requires that no woman shall be employed continuously for more than four hours and a half. After working that length of time she must have a rest.

The Vital Energies

When depressed by fatigue, bodily or mental, by exhausting diseases, or the influence of a debilitating temperature, should be reinforced—physicians tell us—by some wholesome stimulant; and among those which have been tested and administered by them, none has received such hearty recommendation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has been preferred by them from the fact that its spirituous basis, which is of the purest description, is modified by, and made the vehicle for, the vegetable medicinal principles incorporated with it. These latter render it conspicuously serviceable in cases of general debility, constipation, and other disorders of the bowels; in dyspepsia, nervous affections, urinary and uterine ailments, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, which it prevents as well as remedies, and in liver complaint. A household stock of medicines can scarcely be called complete without this inestimable medicine.

A Delightful Trip to the Sea.

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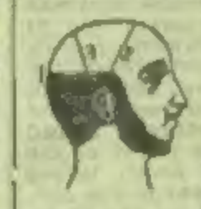

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

BATHING DRESSES.

BUNTING, serge and flannel are the best material for bathing dresses: the last is the strongest and retains its color to the last and should be trimmed with bands of the same color or a contrast, stitched on by machine.

Navy blue remains the popular color for bathing dresses, and if flannel is selected it should be flannel of light quality, as the heavier flannels become too heavy for comfort when filled with water. There are dark gray flannel suits, but those of red flannel are not as much used as they formerly were. The best trimming for flannel costumes is the ordinary white cotton tape sewed on in three or four parallel rows in yoke shape, on the sleeves, and bordering the skirt; the belt, cuffs, and the bands around the ankles of the Turkish trousers have two rows of tape for trimming. The buttons of pearl or porcelain are large and flat, with eyes in the centre.

White serge suits are made this season, and trimmed with bias bands of white wool stitched on, or else with box plaited frills made of the woolen braid used for binding skirts. Blue serge or flannel are sometimes trimmed with white woolen Hercules braid an inch wide.

Black serge costumes are often braided with white, the design encircling the neck, armholes, belt and trousers. Snuff-brown serges are braided with scarlet in the same way; and black serge costumes (of stiff wiry quality) are often ornamented with striped woolen braid about one and a half inch wide, the stripes being scarlet, white and yellow. For children's bathing costumes brown and white and pink and white galateas are worn. Swimming has become a favorite pastime with ladies of recent years, and many swimmers in fresh water are wearing this season serge costumes, embroidered with crewels, the designs being reeds, shells, coral, etc.

Bathers' cloaks, to be put on as soon as the bather leaves the water, are made of white Turkish towelling, very long, with sleeves, or else in circular shape. They are provided with a large hood for covering the head, and are trimmed with either scarlet or blue braid. The best shoes are of white canvas, embroidered with red or blue, and have cork soles. Ladies who do not have the regular bathing cloaks find a waterproof cloth circular cloak a good wrap for putting on over a wet bathing costume while going to the bath house after the bath.

The principle upon which the Princess dress is made—that of having long gores extending from the neck to the feet, and thus making the waist and skirt one—is this season applied to bathing dress. Formerly the favorite bathing dress was a long belted blouse, and a pair of Turkish trousers held around the waist by a belt. The skirt of the blouse was made long enough to serve as drapery. These suits are still used, but a newer design is to let the plaited dress extend down over the hips, and thence to the ankles as trousers. A skirt of three breadths reaching from the waist down below the knees is then made with a belt, and buttoned on the waist outside of the Princesse garment this forms the drapery necessary to conceal the figure.

Our grandmothers were wont to say that blue could never be worn with either green or mauve. Blondes always adopted soft shades of coloring, yellow and red being left to Spanish and Italian women. But these opinions are changed also. The present season witnesses a close rivalry between red and yellow as to which will be more largely patronized by northern belles. For more than a year red has kept its place in the gradation of colors, and there is no sign of its reign coming to a close. We have red parasols, red dresses, claret paletots, bonnets covered with scarlet flowers. There is a furore for all these; even Rubens, the king of color, would be satisfied to see such prodigality.

I also remarked a pretty pink cambric dress. The skirt was bordered with a plaiting, and the front was bouillonne; two wide bands of embroidery were carried down the sides, and were continued round the tunic, which was tastefully draped at the back. The bodice was trimmed with two embroidered bands that formed a point both at the front and back; white rustic straw bonnet with a claret torsade round the crown, and at the side a large bouquet of phloxes of different shades of grenat, pink, red, etc.

A very elegant carriage toilette was composed of light beige Indian cashmere and Pompadour silk; fine kiltings surrounded the skirt, the front was bouillonne and interlaced with Breton lace; the demi-fitting paletot bodice was made with a waistcoat; black straw bonnet with coronet front edged with a very wide gold braid partially concealed under jetted lace; a bouquet of white lilac, violets, and one tea rose at the side.

A magnificent evening dress consisted of pale blue satin and gauze, striped with velvet. Bodice with short paniers on the hips, and long tails at the back; open square in front, and elbow sleeves, the whole lavishly trimmed with Breton lace and pale blue satin ribbon loops. The long satin skirt was covered in front with flots of lace and ribbon.

There is nothing so remarkable this season in the range of the toilette as the beauty and costliness of the trimmings. There are handembroidered satins in exquisite designs and natural colors worked in stripe; there are soft Persian silks, in which delicate colors are blended upon a ground that reproduces the vaporous hues of the sky in tiny dashes and filmy suggestions rather than regular and decided patterns; these are used for trimming cream bareges, Indian cashmeres, etc. Then the fringes are marvellously well made; simple in style, but as carefully finished as jewelry; the fine, pure cut jet has now scarcely any weight, and is consequently more light and durable than in any previous season. The ribbons, too, are improved both in style and quality, and when they are very costly only a small quantity is used. For example, a black straw bonnet, trimmed with black satin ribbon and black Breton lace, a single loop of gold and chintz brocaded ribbon upon a creamy ground will often do duty as a flower in the way of giving tone and character to the bonnet.

Chip and Leghorn bonnets are both worn this season on dressy occasions. Some of the latter are made with a large crown and a wide indented brim, lined with pale gold-colored satin, and trimmed with ribbon to match the lining and with red feathers. Chip bonnets are usually lined with black velvet and trimmed with white ostrich feathers, plaited Breton lace, paste buckles and groups of skeletonized leaves in delicately shaded crepe. Plaited Breton lace, paste ornaments, and flowers are the features in bonnet trimming this summer, and artificial flowers were never more perfectly made than at present.

Striped parasols are much used; they are of medium size, lined, and shut with a spring which projects beyond the lining, and is slightly notched upon the edge. Another style is the Japanese, which is larger, having sixteen divisions, and only looks well when made and trimmed exactly to match the dress. Foulard sunshades are for country wear, and for town use they are frequently covered with black figured silk, bordered with deep Spanish lace, and they have ebonized handles inlaid with black mother of pearl. I have heard of several young ladies painting their silk parasols with delicate sprays of flowers, but I have not yet seen specimens.

Children are dressed very picturesquely this season. Their quaint caps and bonnets, their high boots and long stockings, the white lace trimming on their dark frocks, and the touches of bright color in their neutral-tinted costumes, help to a very artistic effect. Little red Phrygian caps, ornamented with red feathers, are worn with white flannel or bunting costumes, the stockings also being red. All sorts of quaint capes and collars are added to frocks and coats; the double round collar, the lower one two inches deeper than the upper, being the most popular. These are generally seen on coats and Ulsters; dresses being trimmed rather to simulate a deep square, and enriched by upright insertions and outlined with lace.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS FOR PAINTING ON SILK.

SILK for painting upon should be as fine and closely made as possible. Twilled silk has a pretty effect for a ground, but its loose texture makes it almost as absorbent as blotting paper; and painting on satin requires the utmost care, as the colors will run if they are used at all too wet. The tint of the silk should harmonize or contrast well with that of the flowers to be painted, and it should be sufficiently subdued not to outshine them. Colored or black (not glace) silk is the best for white flowers. White of a creamy shade is suitable for colored; but for white and colored flowers alike nothing is so pretty as a pale shade of blue.

The material should be pinned on a board; as it is difficult to erase the pencilled outline, and almost impossible to correct an error in the coloring or to remove the Chinese white, great exactness is necessary in painting upon silk. The painting itself may be done in four ways.

First, the silk may be sized, and the colors, mixed with very little Chinese white, laid on as dry as possible. In this case it is necessary to stretch the silk on a wire or light wooden frame. The size is made by putting a piece of alum, the size of an ordinary lump of sugar, and a good pinch of isinglass, into a tumbler of boiled water, and letting it dissolve, stirring up the mixture occasionally. Then take a flat brush and wash the silk, wetting it completely, but not going over the same ground twice, not dragging the brush backwards, but keeping it full, washing from left to right, as in ordinary water-color painting. Wire frames for stretching fan mounts upon are to be had at the fan makers'; but should it be desired to paint a fan already mounted in this way, it may be held open firmly with the left hand, and the size is washed over it with the right; and when dry, pinned out upon the board with a pin at the top and bottom of each fold. If the handle comes in the way while it is being painted, it may be turned upside down, and the design to be copied reversed also. Another mode of sizing is by brushing the silk over with white of egg, previously beaten until it begins to froth, and letting it dry, mixing and applying the colors as before. If they look dull, a very little gum water may be used with them. Both these processes make the silk slightly transparent, but they quite destroy its lustre.

A second method is by using water-colors alone, without either preparation of the silk or any admixture of body color, the tints being laid on nearly dry. The effect is very delicate, but it requires consummate skill, and it is difficult to get sufficient depth and precision in the shadows by the use of the simple transparent tints, as they run slightly.

The third and most general method is to mix a small quantity of body color with each tint as it is laid on.

A fourth is to mix Chinese white with megilp, and fill in the outlines. Lay on a first wash of liquid, but not too liquid, white, as evenly as possible. Unpin the silk, and hold it as directed for the muslin; and when it is quite dry stretch it again, and lay on a second coat of less liquid white. If the edges of the leaves are finely serrated or there is any other minutely complicated outline, it is better not to follow it too closely with the white, but to leave it to be finished with a very small brush, and color almost dry. Now wash the white, or "glaze" it, with the proper colors, and finish the work as in ordinary painting. We cannot too often repeat the direction, never to retouch white or color until they are perfectly dry. Spots of another hue, stamens, and high lights may be added with Chinese white upon the under tints, the two former of course being glazed with their colors.

We cannot judge for others which of these four methods they will prefer. Each has its advocates, and each has its merits. For ourselves, we like the second and the fourth best; we do not say that "one is as good as the other, and better," but we think that the second is to be recommended for delicacy, and the fourth for depth of color. But we advise those who intend seriously to take up silk painting to try the experiment of each, and to work in that manner they find most suitable to what they have to do.

Silk painting is turned to account in various ways. A painted silk dress is exquisite; of fans we need not speak; the ends of sashes and neckties are very pretty when painted with suitable flowers. On a cushion the color is apt to wear off, but for banner screens it is very suitable. A white silk parasol adorned with a wreath of flowers emblematical of the seasons, with butterflies hovering over them, was the envied of all enviers at a *fete;* for quieter occasions one of tussore silk, painted in black and gray alone, has a very good effect; and a black silk one with a simple wreath of leaves in Chinese white is not only pretty, but it has this advantage—no mean one in these days—"it will go with anything!"

I send to the Fireside Chat the following recipes which a German friend gave me, and I am very sure your readers will be as pleased with them as I have been:

Let us first take up a most inviting dinner dish popular in Germany and called Hack Braten. Take two pounds of beef (top round) and one pound of pork, and chop them together so finely that they make a smooth mass. Soak in water two slices of dry bread and press them dry. Add four eggs, half a pound of butter, work in dry, one tablespoonful of water; and pepper, salt, nutmeg, and the grated rind of one lemon to taste. The whole must be mixed together thoroughly and formed into the shape of a loaf. Put a piece of butter over the top and bake for one hour in a quick oven. Put no water in the pan nor in the gravy that drops from the meat. This dish is at once delicate and satisfying, and when brought to the table the savory brown loaf has a very appetizing look and odor. The vegetables that should be served with it are mashed potatoes and stewed tomatoes.

Another excellent German dish is of a dainty sort of meat balls, called Fricadelln. This is an economical dish, for any bits of meat left over from a previous roast can be used, added to fresh meat. Any sort of meat may be used. It should be chopped exceedingly fine and mixed thoroughly with salt, pepper, dry bread, soaked and squeezed, and a tiny bit of grated nutmeg. Some meat broth or gravy of any kind must be added to keep it moist. Form the mixture with the hands into egg-shaped balls, or finger long rolls, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry quickly in hot butter. If cooked too long fresh meat becomes dry. If beef is used for the fricadelln it should always be cut from the top round. A third delicate dish, and one which, like the two others, will please those who sometimes tire of roasts, is partly French and partly German, and may be called, for want of a better name, "Beef Rolls." Cut a large, thin piece of rump steak into long slices, perhaps three-eighths of an inch thick. Roll them up, tie them with a thread or string, and fry them brown in a little hot butter. Then make a good brown sauce or gravy, add to it pepper, salt, vinegar and spices to taste with a few capers, and let the beef rolls cook in it for a few moments until thoroughly seasoned. Put with these at the same time into the gravy a few olives which have first been stoned. Take the strings off the rolls and serve on a platter with the gravy poured around them; there must above all be plenty of this sauce or gravy.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

As there have lately been several requests for suggestions of coverlets for couches, I will describe two very pretty and effective ones. One was of pale blue cashmere, with a border of forget-me-nots and leaves worked in crewels. The flowers were in shades of blue and pink, with a few touches of lilac and the stalks were brown. It was lined with white fur, like the long fashionable cloaks, and was warm and light. The other coverlet was of very pale blue sheeting, with corners of dark red velvet. All around the upper sides of the velvet squares was a running pattern of briar roses of very pale pink and deep colored shade of red, and this was continued round the entire quilt. At each upper point of the velvet corner the briar, with small leaves and tendrils, was continued towards the centre of the quilt, where it turned to the right, and thus formed a very delicate circle. In the centre was worked a small group of roses and leaves, in the same colors as the rest of the work. The four briars converging towards the centre were very lightly arranged, so as to make the general effect not at all heavy. A third coverlet was being arranged of white, with corners of dark blue satin, and an edge of wheatears and oats in gold-colored floselle all round, with a small cluster here and there, and also at the upper points of the corners of half-blown poppies and blue cornflowers. The wheatears and oats were continued from the corners towards the centre, but only to the distance of about a quarter of a yard. They did not meet in the centre; that was left plain and unornamented.

A pretty white tablecloth was edged with deep coarse lace, with a band of small peacocks' feathers at the top. At equal distances two of the "eye" feathers were crossed and tacked on, the quill being turned towards the border. The thread which attached them to the cloth was first threaded with gold beads, which made a little sort of brooch ornament. The feathers were cut about 5in. long, and were arranged at about 9in. from the feather band.

A beautiful ornament for a fireplace was a whole peacock with its tail spread out; it stood in the grate before the empty fireplace. Long peacocks' feathers are now often put into long glass vases, with bull-rushes, Pampas Grass, etc., in the corners of rooms or on tables, and they look well, especially long glasses tastefully arranged with large sprays of lilac, laburnum, wild cherry blossom, ivy, and anything that can be had in the way of ornamental foliage, feathery grasses adding considerably to the beauty. Thus all the year round these glasses can be kept filled, with constant variations.

Mats for standing in windows, made of coarse ticking or sacking, with peacocks' feathers arranged round and round, and sewn on; are very handsome, and a rug of dark rich colored velvet with a broad band of feathers is most effective.

These feathers can also be arranged on ticking or crash, and afterwards put on to a cardboard shape as covers for flowerpots. They should be sewn on perpendicularly, close together, and should completely hide the edge of the foundation. Small circular mats for the flower pot to stand on, made to match, complete the whole arrangement very effectively.

Little table mats look pretty made of serge, with applique ivy leaves sewn in holland on with unbleached thread; also with leaves of red or blue sateen or twill, worked with coarse thread or flosette of the same color. The red or blue should be on white serge or flannel, the holland on colored.

The older we grow the more we enjoy friendly reunion, and naturally, because the nearer the bourne the sweeter the meet.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. P. (Waco, Tex.)—We do not believe that the article you mention possesses any medical virtues.

T. H. (Phila., Pa.) Your son's employer has a right to take him to a lawful job of work, wherever that work may be situated.

HANNISTER, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—We cannot recommend any nostrum whatever. Persevere in your present mode of treatment.

D. S. (Brown, Kans.)—By all means marry the young lady on whom your affections are set, and do not risk your life's happiness in a marriage for mere money.

MARY A. (Camden, N. J.)—Drinking vinegar to make one stiff thin is most pernicious to the health, and would in a short time completely destroy the constitution.

P. F. (Jefferson, Pa.)—You cannot procure red cheeks, natural ones, by any process whatever, and if your complexion is pale, no amount of eating or drinking will alter it.

A. A. M. (Clarendon, S. C.)—At twenty-nine no young woman need despair of being married. You have a warm nature, but your natural impulses have been thwarted by circumstances.

MEDEA, (N. Y.)—Rhyming dictionaries are to be had; but they will accomplish little towards making you a poet, if you have not "thoughts which voluntarily move harmonious numbers."

O. E. (Phila., Pa.)—Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, carefully read, will give you the information as to the several migrations from the East, out of which sprang the various nationalities of Western Europe.

DOUBT, (Lewis, Tenn.)—An illegitimate person takes the mother's name, and must be married in that name by which he has always been known. Your handwriting is by no means so indifferent as you suppose; it is fairly good and legible.

C. J. C. (Harrisburg.)—It is stated that the Pilgrim's Progress has been translated into about sixty languages. We cannot answer for the accuracy of this statement. A not very wise person has lately "translated it" into words of one syllable.

H. C. (Atlantic, N. J.)—You are evidently too good for the society of this world; and no doubt your presence at a social gathering of young people is more burdensome to them than their society is to you. The innocent games and frolics of youth are not only proper, but necessary to a wholesome life.

IGNORANT, (Lancaster, Pa.)—By obtaining, and persistently studying until you master it, any good modern text-book or grammar, you can learn to write correctly. But in order to acquire facility in writing and gracefulness of style, you must read the best writers attentively, and practise composition as much as you possibly can.

A. C. P. (Craig, Va.)—We cannot express any opinion on the harmlessness or otherwise of the hair dye you speak of. You must be very careful in your selection, as many persons have been driven mad, and some have died from the injudicious use of the same, especially if they should contain too much lead in solution, or nitrate of silver.

VALE, (Phila, Pa.)—The word Anabasis is a Greek word, and means a retreat or stepping backwards. Clachan is a Gaelic word, and means a house of shelter, and is applied to the smaller village inns in the Highlands of Scotland. It is impossible to answer your other questions: there are no such compound words in the Greek or any other language.

A. J., (Grundy, Iowa)—The first syllable is pronounced as if spelt ark, in "architect" and "archangel." We really do not understand your second question; because the article "the" is always pronounced the same whether before a vowel or consonant—as, "the architect," "the church." In poetry sometimes, there is an ellipsis before a vowel—as, "th' architect."

W. C. F. (Ashland O.)—The bar sinister is an heraldic term commonly used for bend sinister: it should strictly be baton or in old French, baston sinister, and is the mark of illegitimacy. He who wears it in his coat of arms acknowledges the same; but then, where one has royal blood in one's veins, people are proud of this mark. The English Dukes of Richmond, St. Alban's, Somerset, and others bear the bend sinister, and quarter the Royal Arms. They do this because they are descended from kings and kings' mistresses. The Fitzroys and the Fitzclarences are also of royal blood.

MAUDE, AND KATIE (Brooke, W. Va.)—You should wait awhile; seventeen and twenty-one are not "desperate" ages. Remember what the census returns and common sense bring; to us that every spring brings forward a fresh crop of husbands, and that the supply of these very useful articles is as much regulated as that of corn, cucumbers, and summer cabbages. Next year there will be a very plentiful crop, and Katie and her friend with the fine name, had better look out. But "no nothing in a hurry." Husbands are very good things no doubt; but peace, and happiness and quiet, unless they go with them, are very much to be preferred. When you do choose, choose wisely.

F. K. R. (Warren, N. J.)—It is impossible for us, through our present medium, to teach you how to be interesting, "at picnics" or for that matter any other form of society. Time and observation will do this. The great mistake which young men make is to talk too much. The donkey in the lion's skin was discovered entirely by his braying. Speech is silver, silence is gold. Do not, therefore, say too much. Another golden rule in conversation is to speak only of what you know. Let others give slap-dash assertions, and utter the confident folly of youth, but do not you do so. Remember, "an agreeable rattle" of a fellow may pass at tea-parties, but a man cannot act or converse well and soundly without observation, care, trouble, and learning. It takes time to do anything well; much time to use the tongue well.

MATERNA, (Darke O.)—If you do not wish your children to stray from home, you should make your home the pleasantest place in the world for them. This you can do by interesting yourself in their sports and studies, and impressing them by the conviction that their welfare and happiness are among the very dearest things on earth to you. A family of children should be allowed to have innocent and interesting plays at home, and should be taken by their parents, as they can afford to do it, to places of amusement. In that way parents can govern, regulate, and educate the tastes and habits of their children, and weave a web of control around them which they will have no disposition to break on arriving at maturer years. By pursuing the opposite course, you will be pretty sure to make your children seek for their recreation in some place where they will not be chilled by your presence, and eventually occasion them to throw off your authority and control at the earliest moment possible.

S. S. S. (Douglass, Minn.)—The allusion is to the Koh-i-noor, the bright particular gem among the crown jewels of England. It means the "mountain of light," and is, according to Hindoo superstition, most unlucky, and bound to bring certain ruin upon those into whose hands it comes. This diamond has had an especially notable history. It was found in the mines of Golconda, how many years ago no one can tell. It first was in the possession of the Great Mogul in 1665. After this the stone changed hands frequently, and we finally hear of it in the possession of Runjeet Singh, a famous chief of Lahore. After his death it passed into the hands of his successors on the throne, and when the Punjaub was conquered by the English in 1850 the Koh-i-noor was included amongst the spoils. In all these years it certainly has brought anything but fortune to the greatest number of its owners. The Queen sent it to Amsterdam to have it recut, a work which occupied thirty-six days of twelve hours each. It now weighs 106 karats.

W. K. (Crawford, Ill.)—It is often the truest politeness simply to do what you are requested to do. Politeness is not exactly a virtue, but an imitation and assumption of certain virtues. It induces us to appear kind self-denying, indulgent, and modest, because it would be uncivil and rude to be the contrary. We are polite for our own sakes, quite as much as for other people's. Politeness is the act of disguising our feelings and passions rather than repressing them; it is a sense of propriety rather than justice; it does not make a man better, but it renders him infinitely more sociable—as is indicated by the derivation of the word itself and its synonyms. The root of the word politeness, in Greek, signifies a town; courtesy comes from courts, and civility, civilitas, is the courtesy which citizens use to one another. Politeness not content with avoiding everything that can possibly displease, continually and actively strives to please. It modifies the demeanor as well as the conduct, and adds a charm to the most trifling actions. When simply and naturally practised, and without any affectation, it almost amounts to friendship and affection.